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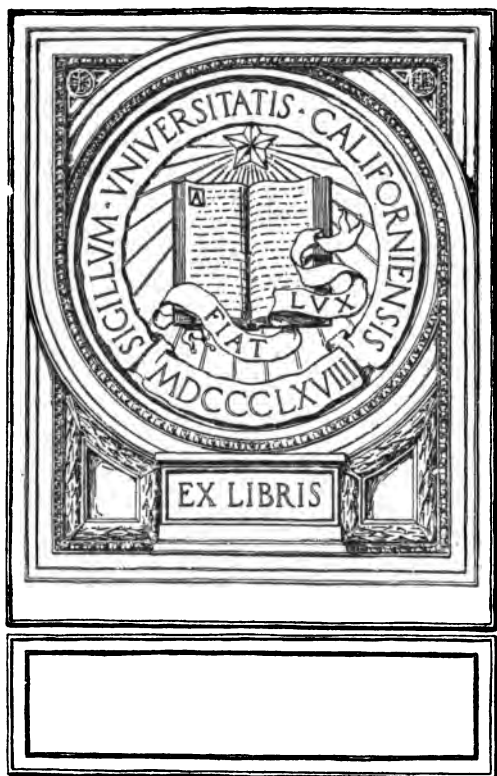
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*PLEASURE & PROBLEM
IN SOUTH AFRICA*

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TO VIND ABROGLIAO



Mr. F. W. Sykes

VICTORIA FALLS

Photo by

PLEASURE AND PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY CECIL HARMSWORTH, M.P.

With 24 Illustrations Reproduced from Photographs

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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1775
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TO THE
AIRPORT

WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.

TO
G. M. H.

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INTRODUCTION

AT the present juncture South Africa presents an exceptionally attractive field for the observations of the tourist. There is always the charm of sunshine such as we never enjoy in North-western Europe, and there is, since the War, the poignant interest of recent history. The journey is worth making if only for the purpose of studying South African political and social problems on the spot. A number of these problems have their counterparts in other portions of the Empire, and are important enough in themselves to justify the earnest attention of the student of Imperial politics. It is true that South Africa is passing through a period of economic and industrial distress, but the traveller takes pleasure in the thought

Introduction

that the sharply descending line of depression has been arrested. Unless the signs of the times are wholly deceitful, a slow upward movement to normal conditions begins to manifest itself. The unique mineral resources of South Africa, the extraordinary fertility of the soil under scientific treatment, and, above all, the fact that men of both white races and of all political parties are addressing themselves to the task of rehabilitation and of development with unprecedented vigour, are so many earnestnesses that prosperous conditions in South Africa are not to be indefinitely delayed.

For the purely descriptive passages in this volume no other merit is claimed than that of fidelity to the extent of the writer's powers of observation. The fresh eye of the hurried traveller often sees things that have lost their meaning and significance for the old inhabitant. If, when a fact is positively stated, every effort is made, as it has been made throughout these pages, to substantiate it by an appeal to the best

Introduction

available authority, the risk of serious error is reduced to its smallest proportions.

The political articles stand, of course, on a different footing. Here the bias of the writer is certain to show itself, and it is not claimed for the political views herein expressed that they are free from partiality. The man who, after the last ten or fifteen years of passionate controversy, carries with him to South Africa a perfectly open mind is a *rara avis* indeed. What is essential is that there should be no intrusion on the part of the visitor from Home into those departments of colonial affairs that do not concern him. It is trusted that in the whole of the following narrative nothing has been said that can by any possibility wound the just susceptibilities of our fellow-subjects, whether British or Dutch, in South Africa. Where a controversial attitude is assumed it will be found that the writer's opinion is backed by South African opinion of the highest respectability.

Introduction

The chapter on "The Indian Invasion" will be regarded, perhaps, as of special importance. The immigration of Asiatics into the temperate zones of the Empire constitutes the most anxious Imperial problem of our time. In Western Canada, in Australia, and in the whole of South Africa the question of Asiatic immigration transcends all others in immediate interest. We, in the mother country, are directly concerned in the question because we are responsible for the diplomatic relations of the whole Empire, and because it is from Imperial Government alone that a comprehensive solution of the problem can issue. Whatever is done should be done quickly. These unedifying brawls on the outskirts of the Empire between the white man and the man of colour spring from a cause more deep-seated than that of mere racial prejudice. The white man from North-western Europe cannot keep body and soul together on the diet that fattens the dark-skinned or yellow man of Asia ; he

Introduction

cannot live side by side with him in open competition, and he cannot assimilate him, even if it were desirable that he should do so, by intermarriage. To draw a new political map of the British Empire and to mark plainly what zones are open to Asiatic immigration, whether Indian, Japanese, or Chinese, and what zones are closed to such immigration is an imperative duty of Imperial Government. Only those advocates of unrestricted Asiatic immigration into the colonies of temperate climate are consistent who are prepared to welcome unrestricted Asiatic immigration into the British Islands.

The period of time covered by this narrative is from the middle of September, 1907, until the end of the first week in this year. The book will not have been written in vain if it serves to advertise in any degree the never-failing attractions from the tourist's point of view of an exceptionally interesting group of British dependencies.

Introduction

The thanks of the writer are due, and are hereby rendered, to Mr. William Senior for permission to reprint the chapter entitled "On the Mooi River in Natal," from the pages of the *Field*; to Mr. G. S. Podevin for the photograph of the Post Office and Market Square, Johannesburg; and to the British South Africa Company and to Mr. Evelyn G. Monier-Williams for the use of certain photographs of Rhodesian scenery. The bulk of the illustrations are from photographs taken by members of the writer's party.

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*IN THE SHADOW OF
TABLE MOUNTAIN*

*IN THE SHADOW OF TABLE
MOUNTAIN*

THE sea voyage from Southampton to the Cape lingers in the mind as one of the pleasantest of memories.

A trim ship, a varied and delightful ship's company, smooth seas day after day by the grace of Neptune, and brilliant sunshine—what traveller will ask for more or expect as much? The seventeen days pass only too quickly, and, if there were any danger of ennui, the programme of events outlined by the Sports Committee provides occupation more than enough. Thereto I may add the unfailing interest of conversation and argument with people who have lived in every part of the sub-continent about to be visited, and who have brought on board with them the warm political partialities that life in South Africa engenders. Who would willingly deny to the Africander his burning grievance and his unswerving faith in his own political wisdom?

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

The passenger list includes the names of men who have played a stirring part in South African politics and on South African battlefields. There is the mining magnate who was sentenced to death by Judge Gregorowski, who lingered with the Reform Committee prisoners for many months in Pretoria gaol, and who is now hurrying southward—more honour to him—to take a large share in the work of reconciliation between the two races. There are civilians, Johannesburgers, some of them, who helped to blow up the Creuzot on Gun Hill and held Waggon Hill valiantly against frightful odds on January 6th, until the splendid Devons swept the enemy down to his laagers and saved Ladysmith from humiliation. Cricketers, too, we boast of international fame—Vogler with his indescribable action and dazzling flight, and Kotze, whose next visit to England, let us hope, will bring him the luck he deserves. There are diamond people from Kimberley, managers and engineers from the gold-mines and coalfields of the Rand, civil servants and police officers living in fear of retrenchment, and young pioneers of far Rhodesia whose eyes are set on the distant parts where

In the Shadow of Table Mountain

uncomplainingly they bear the white man's burden. He must be a dull dog indeed who cannot find in conversation with so many different types as these entertainment for more than a seventeen days' yachting cruise.

From Madeira to Cape Town we sight nothing but Cape Verde. We carry no Marconi installation, and, for a fortnight, we are an isolated and self-contained community cut off completely from the rest of the world. Not the faintest echo reaches us from the centres of human affairs, and if kingdoms fall, still we clip on our way unconcernedly with only the sea and sky for environment. In place of the roaring traffic of great cities we have the rustling of foam-flecked water about our bows, and our only spectacles, other than the unending panoramas of sea and sky, are the schools of porpoises that follow us in schoolboy play, or flying fish that, rising precipitately at our oncoming, scurry over the dancing waves for a hundred yards and dart again into the more congenial element. A spouting whale on the horizon or the triangular fin of a basking shark brings us to the taffrail in wild excitement. So we renew our

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half-forgotten youth and throw off the armour of reserve that must be worn under the conditions of a more complex life. Who wins the sweep on the twenty-four hours' run, and whether the first-class will beat the third at tug-of-war, are, for the time being, matters of greater moment to us than the rise and fall of stocks, the rivalries of statesmen, or the machinations of the Wilhelmstrasse and of the Quai d'Orsay. And however remote may seem the possibility of danger to a traveller by a modern well-found ship with its luxurious appointments, there is, after all, only half an inch of steel between us and disaster. Our fate, in the event of mishap, must be a common one, and a strong sympathy grows up between people who were strangers to one another only a week before.

Many friendships are cemented in the few days of close companionship of such a cruise as this, and, when we separate at our port of destination, it is not without sincerest hopes that the whirligig of time may bring us together again.

We cast anchor at length under the shadow of that mountain which is the chief of all the table mountains of South Africa. How sheer

In the Shadow of Table Mountain

and naked it stands above the widespread town which has enlarged its boundaries so greatly since first I saw it some fourteen years ago ! It is less easy to dissociate Table Mountain from Cape Town than Vesuvius from Naples. Whether in sunlight or shadow, whether showing a clean edge against the turquoise sky, or spreading a neat cloth of snowy cloud about its summit, Table Mountain is one of the spectacles of the world, and no city enjoys a fairer situation than that which nestles at its feet. Cape Town is larger and more splendid than I remember it. Fine buildings have shot up in many thoroughfares, and there is a new Town Hall that our London County Council might envy. The question why necessitous urban communities all the world over break out into new municipal buildings at the time of their direst necessity belongs to the psychology of crowds that no philosopher has adequately investigated. Or is the new Town Hall Cape Town's deliberate monument to the boom frenzy that swept over South Africa at the precise moment when all destructible property in South Africa had been successfully destroyed ? Truth to tell, Cape Town reaped a rich harvest during

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

the War. A considerable proportion of the £250,000,000 was spent in Cape Town, and new suburbs branched outwards, and tall buildings shot skywards in sympathy. Then came the rude awakening. The boom collapsed, and Cape Town has been prostrate ever since. The Pactolean stream from the British tax-payers' pocket might reasonably have been expected to dry up with the declaration of peace, and, as a matter of fact, it did so dry up at that time or shortly after. In Cape Town they went on marrying and giving in marriage, buying and selling house property at the prices of inflation, expanding out of old-fashioned office premises into palaces of marble and plate-glass—and now you can buy anything you want in Cape Town at your own price. Probably Cape Town will be slower in convalescence than other cities of South Africa. It is 956 miles from Johannesburg, as compared with the 484 miles of Durban, and the 396 miles of Delagoa Bay. On the other hand, the agricultural and pastoral industries of the Colony promise much better than those of the other colonies. It would be a cruel fate, and one that need scarcely be feared, that Cape Town, after two hundred and fifty

In the Shadow of Table Mountain

years of slow expansion, should fade away from the number of the great capitals of the world.

The ordinary traveller who has no idea of going home by the east coast route, should disembark at Durban and conclude his journeyings by land at Cape Town. So will he keep the best to the last. There is nothing in South Africa except the Victoria Falls, or nothing that I have seen, more spectacular than Cape Town and its environs. The trips round the mountain are hackneyed enough, but not even tramways can rob them of their perennial charm. The coast scenery is as fine as the best in Kerry, and the flora of the mountain beyond comparison more rich. Here grow in wild profusion the many heaths of our green-houses, here every ditch is lined with arum lilies, and here are gladioli, ixias, everlasting flowers, and a wealth of others that would tax the erudition of a botanist to name them. The silver tree of Table Mountain has, I think, been overpraised. It lacks all the pendulous grace of the trees we love, and its leaves are only beautiful when plucked from the tree and examined in detail.

Groote Schuur not even the most jaded

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

tourist can afford to miss. Mr. Rhodes's house nestles snugly at the base of the mountain, and is approached from one of the popular suburbs by an avenue of towering pines. Linger in admiration of the trees of Groote Schuur and of the Cape Town suburbs, for you will see nothing so fine until you become acquainted with the mighty pachydermatous baobab at the Falls. The house is a handsome, low, gabled edifice in red and white, and its note is comfort rather than magnificence. Some of the rooms are panelled in rich red teak, and there are many handsome treasures, bureaux, chests, grandfather clocks, gathered from old Dutch farm-houses in Africa and Europe. The curious may, if they like, inspect the marble bath of the great Imperialist, and when Dr. Jameson is not at home, may peep into every corner. Groote Schuur is destined to be the official residence of the future Prime Minister of a federated South Africa. Even now the public are allowed to range at will through the garden and the park. The Zoological Garden in the park is of course immensely popular with the parties of children who come to enjoy the privileges generously accorded to the people



GROOTE SCHUUR, THE CAPE TOWN RESIDENCE OF CECIL RHODES

TO THE
ALBANY

In the Shadow of Table Mountain

under the great man's will. It is odds that when you have followed Cecil Rhodes from Groote Schuur to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to the Matoppos, you will modify unfavourable opinions of him, if you entertained them, and recognize him as a great man whose services would have been of inestimable value in South Africa at the present moment.

Into the puzzling arena of Cape Colony politics only those venture with confidence who know everything or nothing. I have before me as I write the election manifestoes of Dr. Jameson and Mr. John X. Merriman. For the purposes of the recent election the Progressive Party assumed the title of the South African Unionist Party, and the Bond appeared as the South African Party. Why, on the basis of these manifestoes, Cape Colony electors should prefer the one party to the other is not clear. Dr. Jameson is all for Federation, and Mr. Merriman for the nearer approach to Unification and the establishment of a South African Commonwealth under the British flag. Reconciliation is the note of both pronouncements. Mr. Merriman, whose "only hope for the future lies in economy,"

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

assails Dr. Jameson fiercely on the ground of his "unsettlement of the public service by haphazard and often arbitrary retrenchment." There is a pleasantly familiar ring about such expressions of Mr. Merriman's as "shameless opportunism" and "the last resort of political insincerity," while "an incapable Government supported by a party dragooned into silence" is a description that is part of the stock-in-trade of the opposition politician all the world over. Mr. Merriman steers a skilful course between the brandy farmers who want to sell more brandy and the prohibitionists—a majority of the white electors—who insist that none of it shall be sold to the natives. When Dr. Jameson's antecedents are considered and the depression in trade and in the national finances that lasted throughout his term of office, his Ministry must be judged to have acquitted itself wonderfully well. Great progress was made in the difficult business of reconciliation, and agriculture—now recognized, as it should have been recognized before, as the mainstay of South African posterity—has been industriously fostered. Dr. Jameson goes because the swing of the pendulum is against him. In



ON THE WAY ROUND TABLE MOUNTAIN

TO THE
ALPHABET

In the Shadow of Table Mountain

Cape Colony, as in every other country, there are pathetic crowds who look to a change of government to provide work and wages where none are found now. In this political drama Mr. Schreiner plays the part of Hamlet. A man of brilliant powers, he seems unable to make up his mind to throwing the weight of his influence into either scale. All the same, there is ample room in the politics of Cape Colony for a critic whose ability and sincerity are not questioned in any quarter.

*ON THE WAY TO
KIMBERLEY*

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ON THE WAY TO KIMBERLEY

FROM Cape Town to Kimberley is a journey of more than thirty hours. I may say at once that the mail trains throughout South Africa are admirably appointed. Indeed, the Zambesi express, with its dining-cars, sleeping-cars, and its shower-baths, compares favourably on the score of comfort with any train in Europe. The distances are great, or perhaps it is the time occupied in traversing them, but a leisurely spirit overtakes the traveller, and a journey of thirty hours is embarked on much more readily in South Africa than a sharp run to Edinburgh or Glasgow at home. It may be otherwise to South Africans themselves, but to the new-comer there is constant amusement in surveying the often monotonous prospects from the window. Between the capital and Worcester lies some of the fairest cultivated land in the sub-continent. There are pleasant townships embosomed in trees, and fruitful orchards

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

and vineyards. In this district the rich soil yields willingly to a cultivation that is more assiduous than is common elsewhere in South Africa. Then comes the steady grind up to the first of the great South African plateaux. You must climb from the level of the sea through the wonderful Hex River Pass to a height of nearly three thousand feet. This brings you to the first tier of the vast tableland that may be roughly described as occupying the whole of the sub-continent except the sea littoral. A similar ascent must be made from Port Elizabeth, Durban, Delagoa, Beira, and Mombasa. The comparatively great altitudes of South Africa lift the sub-continent from tropical to temperate regions. Everybody knows this, but few realize it vividly who have not made the ascent from some of the several seaports. If it were not for this geographical fact, the interior of South Africa might never have been thought worth the bones of a European soldier. It is in consequence of this fact that no sign of tropical vegetation is seen until you reach the Palm Kloof at Victoria Falls. On the great inland plains the quicksilver may rise high in the glass during the daytime, but

On the Way to Kimberley

it falls with the setting of the sun and with the same certainty. So white men live and flourish, and are able to gather round them families of healthy children. The Karoo itself, a burning waste that produces nothing better than a two-foot lavender-coloured shrub, is sovereign for pulmonary ailments. The nights are fresh as sparkling champagne. Human beings, white human beings, flourish amazingly in this arid waste, while vast flocks of sheep derive ample sustenance from the parched and wilted scrub.

The whole of the first night our way lies through the Karoo, and the whole of the next day the same boundless horizons open out on every side of us. Here and there at wide intervals are farmhouses, and the fact that the soil yields a kindlier growth under irrigation is shown by the groups of trees and bright patches of green round the homesteads. These are veritable oases in the desert. The Dutch pioneer in South Africa outspanned wherever a spring of fresh water welled from the reluctant earth, and celebrated the fact in the name he gave to the place. At intervals of a few hundred yards along the line are the remains of blockhouses.

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

Those at important points—where, for instance, a bridge carries a line across a river—were solid buildings of well-hewn stone. More commonly a ring of stones or earth surmounted by a superstructure of corrugated iron served the desired purpose. Long since the corrugated iron has been removed, but the crumbling rings of stone or earth remain, and, in many places, great heaps of rusted tin cans and tangles of barbed wire. Familiar features are these alongside well-nigh every railway track in South Africa—so familiar that you cease to notice them or lose all sense of their significance. The safety of these slender threads of polished steel that we call railway lines meant everything to the British cause in South Africa during the great struggle of a few years ago, and tens of thousands of men were needed to safeguard them from disturbance. Among the lessons taught by these endless railway journeys in South Africa over single-track roads is the tremendous nature of the task we undertook when we set out to conquer the Boers.

The English language has not yet evolved a suitable word to apply to the smaller congregations of human dwellings that dot the railway



REMAINS OF A BLOCKHOUSE

TO THE
ABBOT

On the Way to Kimberley

lines throughout the newer colonies. The word "village," with its suggestions of picturesque cottages, ancient inns, and ivy-clad church towers, is wholly inadmissible. What is one to call an assemblage of matchboard and corrugated iron bungalows that seem to be not much more permanent than the tents of an army on the march? "Settlement" is perhaps the least misleading term. A railway station, an hotel, a church, and some half-dozen stores with their outbuildings make up the characteristic colonial settlement. Deal boards and corrugated iron are the building materials in almost universal use. Truly, in South Africa, if in no other place, a monument must be erected to the inventor of corrugated iron. The millionaire shelters himself under a corrugated roof, and the Kaffir rejoices in an airy habitation all compact of rusty sheets that formed at one time, perhaps, the superstructure of a military blockhouse. You have in South Africa corrugated barns, corrugated homesteads, corrugated villas, and corrugated mansions. Under a corrugated canopy you grill in the sun, and freeze when the temperature drops at night.

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

As we journey northwards the names on the station-boards become more and more familiar. De Aar Junction, Orange River, Belmont, Graspan, and Enslin recall memories of Lord Methuen's advance. Soon we arrive at Modder River. Why, in the bed of that river, rolling as yellow as Tiber below the railway bridge over which we are passing, was fought one of the most famous engagements of the War, and beyond, on the right of the line, is Magersfontein of mournful celebrity.

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There is not much else to see at Kimberley but diamonds. The town is after the true South African model. Corrugated iron predominates, and there are some streets of shops and a few office buildings and banks, a cool and shaded club, and a first-class hotel with rose-decked trellises. On the outskirts of the town are the head-gears and the vast heaps of waste that remain after the "blue ground" has been washed for the precious stones. In the centre of the town is the famous Kimberley mine with its crater-like cavity. It is a dizzy height from the surrounding barbed-wire fence to the bottom



IN A KIMBERLEY COMPOUND (1)

ॐ नमो
शुद्धाय

On the Way to Kimberley

of the great hole. Descried from above, the birds

“ . . . that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles.”

Almost every load of earth taken from this vast pit has been removed by human hands wielding pick and shovel, and many a South African millionaire toiled in this mine as any Kaffir labourer might to-day. The processes at Kimberley are familiar to the general reader. First, the blue ground is brought up from the bowels of the earth. (There is, I think, only one surface mine now at Kimberley.) It is spread out in sun and air to disintegrate and pulverize, so that it may yield more readily to the crushing mills and to the action of water. In the penultimate stage there is nothing left but a fine, clean gravel which contains the rich reward of so much ardent research. This gravel is dribbled by a gentle spray of water on to long sloping tables, the surface of which has been covered with grease. The tables pulsate or oscillate quickly from side to side, with the result that the valueless pebbles are forced rapidly downwards and pass into a receptacle at the lower end of the grease-tables. The

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

diamonds adhere to the grease. So admirably adapted to the desired end is this arrangement that only one per cent. of the total value of diamonds is recovered from the gravel when it has passed over the pulsators a second time. Why the diamond clings tenaciously to the grease seems not to be known. Some experts attribute the convenient phenomenon to the higher specific gravity of the diamond ; others attempt to explain it by supposing that the flat surfaces of the crystals set up suction with the flat surface of the grease-table. However this may be, every diamond comes into the sorting-room at the end of the day. The yield of the Kimberley mines must be prodigious. The visitor is shown more than £100,000 worth of diamonds on a table as the result of a single week's work, and when to the Kimberley harvest is added the output of the Premier and other mines and the beautiful stones from the Vaal river, the wealth of South Africa in this branch of industry is not difficult to imagine. It is not, however, the appearance of diamonds in the rough and in the mass that is impressive. Before they have been submitted to the arts of the cutters and polishers of Amsterdam the

On the Way to Kimberley

diamonds of Kimberley and of the Premier mine are no more attractive than the dull pieces of glass that may be found on any seashore. There are a good many perfect crystals, and here and there a broken fragment emits a spark that tells of the hidden fires that lurk within. The young gentlemen who sort them carefully in orderly heaps according to their size, colour, and quality exhibit no greater emotion than so many Bank cashiers shovelling out sovereigns. So far as the directors at Kimberley and the Premier mines are concerned, the extraordinary richness of their properties is a matter of positive embarrassment. The object of their most anxious care is the restriction of the output—or at least the adjusting of an almost unlimited supply to the needs of a market incapable of unlimited absorption. At Kimberley there are 10,000,000 loads of “blue” above ground at the present moment. Such retrenchments in the staff at Kimberley as have to take place have been due to over-production, and not necessarily to any permanent set-back in the prosperity of the industry.

The native labour at Kimberley is, of course,

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

closely compounded, and more closely compounded than in the gold-mines of the Rand. The "boys" are all confined rigorously to the compound areas, and are subjected at all times to the strictest surveillance. It is a most questionable system, but it must be cheerfully admitted that everything is done by those who control the mines to alleviate the hardships of life under such conditions. I visited the Dutoitspan compound, where every condition points to the anxiety of the management to ensure the comforts of the boys. At all events, the ebullient spirits of the South African native show no outward sign of depression under compound treatment. The compound itself is a vast quadrangular single-storied range of buildings. Here are the dormitories fitted much as is the steerage accommodation on an emigrant ship. There is also a mission-room, and a large general store where all the simple luxuries of life are found in abundance. Outside in the quadrangle are open hearths and basket-fires for the cooking of meals, and there are ample bathing and washing facilities also. In a smaller quadrangle is established a hospital that compares favourably on the score of



IN A KIMBERLEY COMPOUND (2)

TO THE
AMERICAN

On the Way to Kimberley

cleanliness, comfort, and efficiency with any workhouse or prison infirmary at home that I have any knowledge of. The system of compounded labour, if any excuse can be made for it anywhere, is excusable at the diamond fields. Without close detention and strict surveillance the industry could scarcely be carried on at all, unless indeed it had been decided from the outset to make use of the best white labour only. Trades that lend themselves quite as readily to speculation are managed successfully in European and other countries without recourse to a system that—when the best is said for it—puts an almost intolerable strain on human virtue.

Memories of the Boer War are still vivid in Kimberley. The siege of the diamond metropolis does not compare in point of importance or of interest with that of Ladysmith, but the citizens bore themselves valiantly through all the one hundred and twenty-three days of bombardment. Many a mine-manager or shopkeeper proved himself a hero, and peaceable civilians kept watch and ward with the best of Colonel Kekewich's regulars. The worst hardships fell on the women and children.

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

It was not only in the concentration camps that the innocents were sacrificed to the exigencies of war.

The greatest achievement of Kimberley during the War was the improvisation by Mr. Labram of a 4.1 gun and ammunition in the workshops of De Beers. Mr. Labram was unfortunately killed by a shell, but his gun rendered splendid service, and it now forms part of the monument to the fallen brave that stands at a point from which many of the chief thoroughfares of the town radiate. The monument is the most graceful and appropriate war memorial in South Africa.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



THE WAR MEMORIAL. AT KIMBERLEY

TO THE
ARMED

*BULAWAYO AND THE
MATOPPOS*

BULAWAYO AND THE MATOPPOS

BULAWAYO gasps in the heat of a mid-October sun. Even the ricksha boys have found refuge in the thin shade cast by the graceful pepper-trees that line the wide thoroughfares, and the few Europeans who brave the glare are clad in whitest linen and pith helmets of ample size. The sand of the roadways is hot to the foot, and the torrid blaze is reflected twofold from corrugated roofs. The young gentlemen who preside over the central offices of the many Rhodesian mining companies have given way frankly to shirt-sleeves, and even in the Jewish and Indian stores business is at a standstill for an hour or so. The Club is the only oasis in a desert of dust and heat. Bougainvilleas beautifully festoon its trellises, and in the deep shady hall with its many sporting trophies it is possible to forget that Bulawayo lies within the

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

tropic of Capricorn for all its four thousand four hundred feet of elevation.

The streets of Bulawayo are planned on a generous scale and with a view to large developments. The surface is of red loose earth, and when the wind is strong the dust is carried bodily into shops, offices, and dwelling-places. A common notice here, as at Johannesburg and in other South African towns, is to this effect, "Come in ; closed on account of the dust." Dust-storms indeed are among the minor evils that the inhabitants of this pioneer city bear with admirable cheerfulness. Huge rents, high prices, mosquitoes, heat—the Bulawayoan grins and bears them. He takes a patriotic pleasure in the truly wonderful progress of the town. Only fifteen years ago Lobengula dispensed rude justice beneath the judgment tree in the garden of what is now Government House. A few years later were experienced all the perils of a native rising. To-day you may buy in the shops of Bulawayo everything that a reasonable human being may want, and there are pretty villas with bowered verandahs on all the outlying roads. The strong will of one man decided that a town should be here,

Bulawayo and the Matoppos

and here is Bulawayo, with many handsome buildings and facilities for expansion to limits of which the most sanguine Rhodesian scarcely dares dream. Will Bulawayo ever fulfil its early promise? Who can say? What seems certain is that the well-wooded plains that stretch for hundreds of miles up to and beyond Bulawayo are capable of holding a large white population in full health and vigour. The visit of the directors of the Chartered Company and the concessions they have made to Rhodesian opinions have inspired the settlers with new hopes. The Rhodesian belongs to a type of his own, one of the best types that South Africa has yet produced. He has the courage and the patience of the old Boer voor trekkers, and an unlimited faith in the future of the land of his adoption. That long-promised Eldorado has not yet been discovered in Rhodesia, but the stock-raising and agricultural possibilities of the country are undoubted. Rhodesian tobacco, after a few years' cultivation, is already the best produced in South Africa.

The Matoppos Hills are eighteen miles from Bulawayo, and we made the journey in a brilliant six-cylinder motor car from Wolverhampton.

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

With us were friends whose acquaintance we had made at the Falls—London people who had been for three months up in the Kafui country big-game shooting. They had had excellent sport, and were loud in their praises of Rhodesia and of the docility of the natives. The two ladies of the party had experienced no more anxiety than if they had been camping out in the New Forest. I cannot speak with enthusiasm of the surface of the road from Bulawayo to the World's View. A rough track at its best, it is a sandpit or a dried-up river-bed at its worst. A hundred times I trembled for the springs of the six-cylinder car with its unsuitably long-wheel base, and for the bones of its occupants, as we bumped into the narrow dongas. Our chauffeur exhibited great skill, and needed even more the whole of his physical strength at the steering wheel. For several miles the bush consists of low mimosas, now breaking into leaf. The mimosa, with its elegant pinnate foliage and its savage thorns, is the characteristic tree of the sub-continent. Soon we came to Rhodes's Dam, a considerable sheet of water and, in the withering glare of the Rhodesian sunlight, a

Bulawayo and the Matoppos

most refreshing spectacle. On a slight eminence above it is an excellent hotel, where a halt is made for liquid refreshment. The dam provides irrigation for the Rhodes Farm, and the large expanses of vivid green on the other side of it testify to the productivity of this arid soil under suitable treatment. More than ever, as you trace Mr. Rhodes from Groote Schuur to Kimberley and from Kimberley to Bulawayo, you are impressed with the fact that he was an Afrikaner before everything else. South Africa has suffered immeasurably from the lack of South African patriotism in those whose fortunes have been established in the country. Too many men have amassed wealth in South Africa and shaken its red dust from their shoes at the earliest opportunity. And too many are trying to do the same thing now. Mr. Rhodes's enthusiasm extended even to the Matoppos, the most desolate region in a country of infinite solitudes.

A description of the Matoppos Hills is not to be attempted by the unpractised pen. The rock-strewn koppies of other parts of South Africa, of the Transvaal, and of Northern Natal, are smooth and amiable downs in

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

comparison with these savage hills. As we run into the Rhodes Park we surprise a troop of apes that swing off sullenly for higher ground. The motor car, averaging all over about fifteen miles an hour, creates a gentle draught, and from the rank yellow grass that borders the roadside we stir up a light swarm of locusts that flutter away uncertainly on gauzy wings. The Rhodes Park is dedicated to the use of the people of Bulawayo, and it was a characteristic intention of the generous donor that a short railway line should be built from Bulawayo to the Park, "so that the people of Bulawayo may enjoy the glory of the Matoppos from Saturday to Monday." At every turn of the road as we advance the scenery assumes a harsher aspect. Vast bulks of granite are topped by massive boulders, that sit precariously, as it would seem, on the treacherous slopes, or huge rectangular masses are piled high one above the other in shapes that vaguely suggest the shattered castles of the Rhine. Relief, such as it is, is afforded by evergreens struggling from the fissures in the rocks or by the hideous candelabrum cactus, that waxes here to the height and circumference of a considerable



AT THE GRAVE OF CECIL RHODES

TO THE
ABORIGINAL

Bulawayo and the Matoppos

tree. At length our way is blocked by rock masses of more than usual size, and we find awaiting us the faithful black attendant who keeps jealous watch over the great Chief's resting-place.

"I admire the grandeur and loneliness of the Matoppos in Rhodesia, and therefore I desire to be buried in the Matoppos on the hill which I used to visit, and which I called the View of the World." The ascent to the grave is easy enough in spite of the heat. It is granite underfoot almost the whole way, and the summit of the hill is crowned with granite boulders arranged by nature in a rude circle. The grave is cut in the solid rock, and the plain copper plate bears the simple inscription—

"HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
CECIL JOHN RHODES."

It is good to rest awhile on the desolate hill. A soft air blows refreshingly, and harmless lizards flit on the sunny surfaces of the boulders which, at a closer view, are found to be brilliant with orange, sulphur, and scarlet lichens. Below the shoulder of the hill is the monument to

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Major Wilson and the other early Rhodesian heroes who fell at Shangani in the first Matabele war. This is a mausoleum in white stone, with handsome bronze reliefs—a thing of extraordinary beauty, but wholly out of place in this rugged scene. The “View of the World” challenges mighty comparisons. There is nothing profitable in balancing claims of this kind. It is a wilderness of granite as far as the eye carries—a landscape redeemed from horror by the dazzling South African sunshine alone. On a day of gloomy skies it must be impossible to linger on this eminence without depression of spirit. Here and there an isolated peak, or what seems to be a feudal castle in ruins, raises itself high above the fantastic scene. In former days the Bushman lurked in the caves of the Matoppos, and has left in places coloured mural decorations, sole proofs of his superiority in intellect to the apes that contended with him in the battle for existence. No kindlier race could have supported life in these dreadful wilds, which are now resigned to the ape and the leopard, and to antelopes of small size that skim sure-footed over the granite floors.

“So much to do, so little done.” Yes, and



MONUMENT TO MAJOR WILSON, MATOPPO HILLS

TO VISIT
AMSTERDAM

Bulawayo and the Matoppos

unhappily so many things done wrong. There was a core of real greatness in the man who lies at rest amidst the scene of chaos. No one can doubt it who is familiar with the last actions of his life. No delicate scruples stood between him and the ends he had in view, but his ends were never contemptible. His last will and testament illustrates the many-sidedness of a character that lent itself to misunderstanding during his lifetime. The man who "thought in continents"—to use a somewhat vainglorious expression once current—was deeply concerned for the welfare of the enormous territories that by his energy had been added to the Empire. Under his will he dedicated Groote Schuur and the vast adjoining estates to the use of the future Prime Minister of a South African Federation. This Matoppo park is for the benefit of the holiday-maker of Bulawayo, and the farm "to be planted with every possible tree" is to serve, with the similarly dedicated Inyangi farm at Salisbury, for the instruction of Rhodesian farmers. His all-embracing sympathies were as much concerned for the higher education of the sons of the Empire as for the comfort and dignity of

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the High Table at Oriel. With a proud indifference to contemporary opinion, he withheld even from his best friends the most amiable side of his character. In South Africa he was always better understood than at Home. Among the natives of Rhodesia he was regarded as a friend and benefactor. We are told that when the funeral procession from Bulawayo wended its way over the plains and in and out of the Matoppo hills, it was joined by large numbers of natives from every neighbouring kraal, and the honours paid him were those that are reserved for supreme chiefs. If he had lived he would have been working in South Africa to-day for the reconciliation of the races and the development of the resources of the country he loved better than his own native land. The most reckless of his lieutenants has ripened since into wise statesmanship, and has been Prime Minister in a colony where the Dutch race outnumbers the British. So it is that many men in South Africa who execrated the policy that led up to the Raid, regret profoundly the early death of the man whose services at this juncture might have proved of incalculable value.

Bulawayo and the Matoppos

“Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.”

Across the dark pages of history meteoric figures flash and leave no trail behind them. The student wonders why so often the greatest manifestations of human energy are followed by no appreciable addition to the sum total of human happiness. Sometimes there appears to be a balance on the wrong side. Here, among the Matoppos Hills, it is possible to believe that Cecil Rhodes was by no means a futile and wasted force—at least he did what mortal man can do to retrieve in his last hours mistakes that led to civil war, and to the apparent defeat of all his dearest aims.

VICTORIA FALLS

VICTORIA FALLS

“**C**REEPING with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet.” This is Livingstone’s account of his first view of the Victoria Falls in 1855. The fall is, however, nearer four hundred than one hundred feet. After Livingstone, from time to time, other dauntless spirits made their way to the Falls. Their names find honourable mention in the official guide compiled by the conservator, Mr. F. W. Sykes. Now the Cook’s tourist flaunts his sun-umbrella and his puggaree in the Palm Kloof or spoors the hippopotamus in the Rain Forest. The railway, bringing the tourist with it, was completed to the Falls as recently as the month of June, 1904.

It is a long journey from Bulawayo to the Falls. You leave Bulawayo in the evening and

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arrive at your destination early in the morning of the next day but one. The Zambesi express is a brilliant affair, and excites emotions of justifiable pride in the bosom of every patriotic South African. In leisurely fashion it conquers distances that, but a few years ago, put to the test the powers of endurance of the most intrepid explorers. All the luxuries of modern travel—a generously furnished table, fine linen and decorations of flowers, a polite and neat-handed service—are carried by the Zambesi express into the lightly timbered wildernesses of Rhodesia. But there are heat and dust and thirst to contend with. Thirst is a serious matter on the Beira, Mashonaland, and Rhodesian railways. A split soda costs a shilling, a small whisky-and-soda one shilling and sixpence, and a large one two and sixpence. A small bottle of Bass or Guinness is two shillings, a large bottle four shillings. Even a bottle of the ubiquitous Belfast ginger-ale is not to be had at a less price than one and sixpence. The experienced and economical traveller hangs up a canvas water-bottle in any draughty corner, and tilts it to his parched lips as necessity demands. Prices are scarcely more moderate



VICTORIA FALLS HOTEL.

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Alphabeta

Victoria Falls

at the Falls Hotel. Indeed, prices throughout Rhodesia are reputed to be ruinous. No great advancement can be made within the Chartered Company's territories until it is possible for the poor man to establish a home there and to pay his way.

Hour after hour from morning to night, the express plods its way along the single track through the endless Rhodesian bush. The scenery is wholly different from that of other parts of South Africa. Instead of the vast horizons of the high veldt, you have light woodlands, now, in mid-October, breaking into leaf. The trees are not the same, of course, but at a casual glance the impression is as of the more thinly wooded tracts of the New Forest. Now and again, a Kaffir orange with large fruits hanging from the extremities of its branches, serves to dispel the illusion, and further on the elephantine baobab introduces a tropical note. There is nothing else tropical but the baobab and some few cactuses until you arrive at the Zambesi itself. Often as you may remind yourself of South Africa's wonderful altitudes, the complete absence of tropical vegetation between the littoral and the Zambesi

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

never ceases to surprise. Thousands of feet of elevation mean more than degrees of latitude in this paradoxical country. But the heat is trying enough in the hollows. I think of Wankie, a coal-mining centre some seventy-six miles from the Falls. The tableland dips from the 4400 feet of Bulawayo's elevation to the 2400 feet of Wankie's. At Wankie there is, moreover, a local depression, and the heat is fearful. The tourist grudges every sultry moment of delay at this benighted station.

Many hands have essayed a description of the Victoria Falls. Whether in prose or verse, elaborate and detailed descriptions of great natural phenomena have rarely been successful. It is not possible by literary or pictorial arts to convey any adequate impression of the stupendous scenes that may be viewed from a hundred different standpoints at the Victoria Falls. The Zambesi, a river of great breadth and volume, launches itself into a narrow ravine nearly four hundred feet deep that lies transversely to the course of the river. A column of vapour rises to an immense height above the chasm, and the tumult of sounds is grand beyond the power of words to express it. There is one point of

Day of California



Mr. Percy Clark

VICTORIA FALLS FROM LIVINGSTONE ISLAND

Photo. by

TO VINU
AMBODIAO

Victoria Falls

view from which the spectacle presented may well be the most terrific on earth. Here a vast volume of water, broken in its fall to masses of spray, hurls itself over the towering precipice into a chasm where vapours and wind contend for the mastery. Anon the vapour lifts and discloses for a moment toppling pinnacles and ruined towers of rock that are once again involved in the gloom of spray and cloud. At other points, thin streams in their descent are dissipated in veils of infinite tenuity and cover the giant cliffs as with an exquisite garment. There are a hundred standpoints, and from every one of them are views of incomparable beauty and splendour. The scene is then most lovely when a perfect rainbow spans the seething gulf from side to side.

The prudent traveller will linger at the Falls for as many days as he can conveniently spare. The Falls have been "done," I believe, in a day, but the traveller whose anxious mind is occupied chiefly with the railway time-table forfeits almost every advantage of his visit. Nature yields not her mysteries to the hurried and superficial observer. The mind must be tuned to the influence of the place, and a return

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must be made again and again to the contemplation of the many majestic scenes.

A visit to the Palm Kloof is not to be omitted. A richly wooded chine leads down to a point just below the Falls where the emancipated flood breaks through a narrow gorge on its way to the Grand Cañon. The torrent races with tumultuous waves, and impinges with awe-inspiring force against the opposing cliff, while great whirlpools revolve on either side of the raging stream. The Kloof itself is a fairyland of tropical vegetation. Palms of the utmost grace spring by the narrow path, and towering trees of an ever-green habit are hung with trailing parasites to the ground. From the water's edge, the railway bridge, four hundred feet above, is seen to span the gorge with the grace and lightness of a cobweb—a slender link in the chain that is to bind Cape Town to Cairo. For the expedition to the Rain Forest, waterproofs and umbrellas are enjoined, or the tourist dons his oldest and lightest garments. In the Rain Forest, the vapours from the Falls are precipitated continually in fine warm showers. The vegetation is even richer than that of the Palm Kloof. A

DRY OF CALIFORNIA



Mr. Percy Clark

ANOTHER VIEW OF VICTORIA FALLS

Photo. by

TO THE
LIBRARY OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO

Victoria Falls

handsome orchid grows in the forks of the trees, and maidenhair ferns among the mossy roots. It is delightful to take refuge in these dripping shades from the searching rays of the sun.

Above the Falls, the Zambesi spreads wide between its palm-fringed banks. There is Livingstone Island on the edge of the cataract, with the tree on which the explorer is said to have cut his name. A voyage up the rapids is not devoid of mild excitement, but the skill of the light-hearted natives who paddle the large Canadian canoes, and who leap into the river at a moment's notice in order to push and haul the canoes over the more difficult obstructions, has never been known to fail them. Above, in the deeper waters, the hippopotamus is still to be seen on occasion, and there are crocodiles in plenty. We were not favoured with the sight of either species. The hippopotami are reputed to have grown vicious of late, and the order has gone forth from the Chartered Company that they must be destroyed. The naturalist may deplore the decision, but the upsetting of a canoe by one of the irate monsters is a contingency that the traveller whose only weapon

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is an umbrella cannot be expected to regard with absolute composure. And there are the crocodiles on the banks !

After the turmoil and the uproar of the Falls it is pleasant indeed to float on the tranquil bosom of this magnificent stream. The flow of the water above the rapids is as gentle as that of our own Thames. They have had already their first water carnival on the Zambesi, and in years to come—who can tell?—the matchless regatta course may attract such a throng as gathers every year at Henley in the first week of July. Africa has yet many surprises in store, and Rhodesia has unrolled only one or two pages of its history. To those who live in the troubled present the day of promise may seem very far removed. Must it not have seemed so to the early settlers in North America, in Australia, and in New Zealand? Livingstone, the new political capital of North-West Rhodesia, lying inland from the river, and some few thousand yards to the north of the Falls, will broaden out its boundaries to the river's edge, and pleasant gardens will deck the banks now pitted with the enormous footsteps of the hippopotamus. There are plans for a second



ZAMBESI EXPRESS AT VICTORIA FALLS STATION

TO VINU
ABHAYAN

Victoria Falls

town near the railway station with accommodation for the visitors, who increase in number year by year. That other scheme for harnessing the Falls, in order to supply electrical power to the mines at Johannesburg, belongs to the realms of romantic science. It is 556 miles in a direct line between the two points. Such a scheme, if feasible at all, need not interfere with the amenities of the Falls, since the source of power would be tapped in the gorge far below the favourite points of view.

Certainly the Victoria Falls are worthy of their reputation. It is idle to discuss whether they or the Niagara Falls are the finest in the world. In winter, when the giant icicles hang on the edge of Niagara, and all the ground and every tree is frosted as if by magic art, the American falls are beautiful beyond compare. Incomparable, too, is the stupendous leap of the Zambesi over its dizzy precipice into the dark and gloomy gulf below. The grateful traveller is content to cherish each splendid spectacle among the memories of his life.

JOHANNESBURG

JOHANNESBURG

AFTER all, Johannesburg is the most interesting place in South Africa. Other towns, as Cape Town and Durban, are infinitely more picturesque, and smaller towns, as Pretoria and Pietermaritzburg, have finer public buildings, but for human interest there is nothing in the sub-continent to touch the Golden City. It is a place that excites violent emotions—passions of hatred and loyalty, and few people leave Park Station on their way to the coast without having participated to some extent in the furious controversies to which Johannesburg gives rise.

First, however, as to Johannesburg's record of actual accomplishment. Here twenty-one years ago was the bare veldt, with a few sheep or cattle to the hundred morgen, and nothing to boast of but a bracing climate and matchless sunshine. Now over one hundred and eighty thousand souls occupy the ground, and the

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

hum of industry ceases neither by day nor by night. Give the Johannesburgers his due. Even if you do not like his politics, you cannot deny that he works. He is not content merely to preach the gospel of the dignity of labour to the natives. He offs with his coat himself and applies himself unremittingly to his task, constituting a sufficiently novel spectacle in a land where most people look to somebody else to do their work for them. The result of his labours is a city that ranks among the cities of the world. This, without doubt, is a noteworthy achievement. In the other countries of civilization so much has been done by preceding generations. In England, for instance, many of the main roads were made for us by the Romans, and the lie of the streets in the older towns is much as it was in the days of Elizabeth. Museums, parks, colleges, hospitals, public institutions of all kinds, have generally come to us from our ancestors. In Johannesburg they had to start from the naked veldt, and men are scarcely middle-aged who have from the beginning borne their share in the work of development. Johannesburg is as much a monument to the enterprising genius

Johannesburg

of our race as are the ruined amphitheatres and aqueducts of many European cities to the enterprise of the Roman people.

You must think, too, of the essential part Johannesburg plays in the economy of South Africa. You do not realize this until you have travelled over the sub-continent and have pondered the matter deeply. The magnates, indeed, have lost no opportunity of advertising the importance of Johannesburg. Remove the keystone from the arch, they have said, and the whole fabric of South African prosperity, such as it is, falls in confusion. The magnates have been right. If Johannesburg failed, Cape Town would fail, and Durban and Lourenço Marques. From the coast to Bulawayo and Salisbury, the effects of such a catastrophe would be disastrously felt. All roads, all railroads at least, lead to Johannesburg. If men talk hesitatingly of the future of Cape Town, it is largely because the railway route from Cape Town to Johannesburg is twice as great as that from Delagoa and Durban. People who hate Johannesburg most, have always been anxious to sell their produce in Johannesburg, and tragic events still green in

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the general memory resulted in part at least from the desire of Mr. Kruger to secure the freights of Johannesburg for a favourite railway line.

As to the town itself in its physical aspects there is not a great deal to be said. It is laid out after the American model, and people in Johannesburg talk of one street being so many "blocks" from another, just as they do in New York and Chicago. This system makes for the convenience of the stranger, but it is fatal to the picturesque. There is a sameness about these American and colonial towns of recent origin that tends at last to disappointment and fatigue. In the city of London the oldest inhabitant is always finding strange alleys, forgotten churches, and unknown turnings, and every day's walk in the luncheon hour brings with it something of the charm of novelty and surprise. In Johannesburg or any other town after the same model, you learn all there is to be known of its geography in the course of an afternoon's walk. Not all the splendour of polished granite and plate glass in which the new cities abound, relieves the monotony of streets laid out in accordance with a regular



POST OFFICE AND MARKET SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG

Johannesburg

plan. A few buildings in Johannesburg leave a definite impression on the mind—the Rand Club, certain banks and other business premises, and the Carlton Hotel. There are excellent shops, and an efficient service of electric trams. For the rest, Johannesburg exhibits the virtues and the failings of new cities in all the new worlds. Order and chaos, magnificence and squalor, are inextricably interwoven. Buildings fit to take their places on the Thames Embankment lift themselves proudly by the side of flimsy one-story structures that date back to the early times of twenty years ago. There is a perfect telephone service, but there are no roads. At least, the asphalted road to Parktown is the only thoroughfare that is traversible in comfort. And the dust! When a wind-storm arises and carries into the town the fine white dust from the tailing heaps of the mines, and the red dust of the veldt, the boldest citizen is put to flight. Well, we have our own discomforts too, and it is not for us to throw a stone. At the present rate of progress the amenities of Johannesburg will soon rival those of Birmingham. There is a civic patriotism in these new cities, and they

Pleasure and Problem in South Africa

will risk bankruptcy rather than unfavourable comparisons. The Carlton Hotel deserves a few words of special mention. It is the finest fruit of the boom that followed the War. It is Parisian in architecture, and West End in the luxury and elegance of its appointments. Dining expensively in a beautifully designed saloon with shaded lights, soft music, and the polite attention of foreign waiters who live but to obey your behests, you are transported in imagination to the Carlton or the Ritz. Alas that the malignity of Mr. Winston Churchill and a hostile Liberal Government should have driven the improvised Johannesburger to hostelrys of less renown and lower charges !

Visitors to Johannesburg, who look for the wild excitement of the Colorado mining camps, are doomed to disappointment. Life in Johannesburg is not as safe as it is in London ; but it is not every twenty-four hours that a bank is raided, or that pistol-shots ring out on the still night air. Strange as it may seem, too, there are numbers of quiet God-fearing people in Johannesburg who pursue the even tenour of their ways, and have no ulterior designs on the British investor's hoardings. Financial

Johannesburg

sharks are plentiful enough, and are far more responsible for the "timidity of capital" in regard to Rand propositions than is the labour policy of the Liberal and Botha Governments ; but the population at large comprises the same admirable hard-working types that may be found in any city of the empire all the world over. The many suffer for the trespasses of the few, and if Johannesburg has a bad financial name, it is no fault of a business community that emerges from and returns respectably at night to the pleasant suburbs that skirt the town. There is disappointment in store, too, for the visitor who expects to see the opulent Chinese coolie taking the air after his day's work in a handsomely appointed carriage. You may see him riding his bicycle on occasion as the Kaffir coolie does, and he has a cultivated taste in concertinas ; but his wants are generally small, and in spite of what the apologist Press used to say, the scale of his remuneration does not admit of the greater extravagances.

Gold-mining on the Rand is an intensely prosaic business. A Welsh coal-mine, with its ever-present possibilities of danger, is romantic

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by comparison. They reckon gold on the Rand by so many penny-weights to the ton, and it is rare that a gleam of the precious metal gladdens the eye of the miner. Nuggets are never seen at all. I cannot trust myself to give a scientific account of the method by which the gold is wrung from the reef. Suffice it to say that the gold exists in the reef in quantities infinitesimally small, that the rock is ground to powder by the stamps, and that the resultant powder is then submitted to various chemical processes in which quicksilver and cyanide play essential parts. The element of sensation is absent from Rand gold-mining. It is the regularity of the returns that gives stability to an industry, that, but for speculation and over-capitalization, might have ranked in general estimation much higher than it does.

The Chinese compounds at Johannesburg differ in no outward respects from the Kaffir compounds at Kimberley. The accommodation provided at Johannesburg is precisely similar. A large quadrangle is bounded by low corrugated iron buildings, with sleeping-rooms, arranged as in the steerage of an emigrant ship. There are dining-rooms, and

Johannesburg

general stores where everything the coolie is likely to require is purchasable at moderate charges. The compound managers point with pardonable pride to the evidences that are everywhere displayed of a real solicitude for the comfort of the indentured labourers. When the system at Johannesburg is arraigned it must be arraigned on grounds of principle. Is it right, as a matter of principle, that human beings should be herded together in compounds, and should suffer deprivation of every privilege of citizenship except that of personal safety under the law? To the extent that the coolies are willing partners to the contract the charge of slavery falls to the ground. In the respects that the Chinese coolies have no part or lot in the life of the community around them, and that they suffer legal disabilities unknown to the genius of the British law, their status does not rise above that of semi-servitude.

The difference between the one status and the other is a matter rather for the lawyer than for the man in the street. The intuitive British repugnance to the system as it developed on the Rand was, I believe, as natural as it

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was well founded. And the British elector had the right to make himself heard on this question. Had he not sacrificed blood and treasure in order, as he believed, to establish better government in the Transvaal? Chinese labour on the Rand came as a frightful anticlimax after the heroic sacrifices of a war waged in the interests of British freedom. In Johannesburg they regard or profess to regard the agitation that arose in the United Kingdom as the work of party politicians with nothing but party ends to serve. This convenient supposition overlooks the perfectly spontaneous remonstrances of colonial statesmen who had no interest whatever in Home politics, and ignores, if I am not mistaken, a large body of inarticulate opinion in South Africa itself. Outside the Rand I met few South Africans who had ever given in their whole-hearted adhesion to the Chinese Labour policy, and fewer still who did not rejoice at the impending departure of the yellow man. Now train-loads of re-patriated Chinamen are a common feature of the Johannesburg-Durban line, and—so volatile is Johannesburg opinion—people who told us a few months ago that the prosperity

Johannesburg

of the mines, and indeed of South Africa, depended on the maintenance of the Chinese Labour policy now assure us that the Chinaman has served his turn, and that the industry will get on very well without him.

The Johannesburger takes refuge from these and other anxious questions in the pleasant suburban retreats that are among the most attractive features of this wonderful city. There is no English suburb more charming than Parktown. The people of our race carry with them wherever they go the natural fondness for pretty gardens. They take full advantage of sunshine on the Rand, more brilliant than that of the Riviera, and of a soil unequalled in its productivity under irrigation. In the neighbourhood of Johannesburg, where trees have been planted on a large scale, it is not necessary to plant for a distant posterity. A tall screen of fir or eucalyptus may be had in five or seven years, and a veritable forest in less than twenty. The orange and the lemon, which do not mature their fruits in the more exposed situations, shed the influence of their sweetest odours round the garden-paths of Parktown, and the vine trails with Italian

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grace over the pergola, or shades the stoep where so much of the social life of South Africa is passed. Our common garden flowers flourish in riotous profusion, and with them native and exotic plants that we cultivate with difficulty under glass. More precious than aught else is a stretch of English lawn, and only to be acquired by those for whom the collector of water-rates has no terrors. There are English homes on the outskirts of Johannesburg as simple and as beautiful as those that are the special pride of the mother country; and children, fair and lovely as ours, run at eventide to greet the fagged paterfamilias returning from the scene of his labours. Home opinions of Johannesburg would be milder and more sympathetic if it were recognized that this community is not merely a welter of Chinese coolies and alien financiers. The plain domestic virtues flourish in the Golden City just as they do in London, and the average of personal integrity is scarcely less high.

*AS THINGS ARE IN THE
TRANSVAAL*

AS THINGS ARE IN THE TRANSVAAL

THE Letters Patent, constituting the Transvaal a self-governing Colony, were ratified two years ago by an immense majority of the House of Commons. By these Letters Patent, the fullest powers of self-government were conferred on a people but a few years before in arms against the British Empire. History will describe the transaction either as a disastrous leap in the dark or as a notable instance of the almost miraculous genius for Empire of the British people.

We have taken great imperial risks before, but nowhere, not even in Canada, have we risked as much as on this occasion. Consider for a moment the circumstances. The Boers, after a struggle that engaged a huge proportion of the available land forces of the Empire, had been compelled to sign a peace that left them with a fair share of the honours of war. They

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had proved themselves the most formidable adversaries we had encountered for a hundred years. If their courage, their endurance, and their ability in war had been doubted, there was room for doubt no longer. A haughty independence of spirit, and a fierce restlessness under foreign restraint, were known already to be national characteristics. Other considerations there were at least as serious. There was the record of the late Transvaal Republic. It boots not to survey in detail a record that may well be left to historians who will in years to come bring the events before the War and after under calm and dispassionate judgment. For the moment it need only be said that an indictment of Boer rule in the Transvaal under Hollander influence might be framed by enumerating only the protests against its arbitrary methods made by the South African communities, and, if this were not sufficient, might be found in the dissatisfaction of a large section of the Boer population under the old *régime*. Such liberties as are found in unrestricted abundance in a British self-governing Colony were unknown in the Transvaal. There was a further matter for grave consideration by

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anxious British statesmen. The Boer population in the Transvaal is more permanent than the British population. The Boer is not distracted by rival patriotisms. He has no other native land than South Africa. The lights of distant cities have no attractions for him, and no far home in a fairer and more fruitful land calls to him with insistent voice. To make his "pile" and go is still a common aim with the British resident in South Africa. The Boer population in the Transvaal is not only more permanent than the British ; it increases at a greater ratio. If the Rand mines were to peter out—of which, happily, there is no near prospect—the Transvaal would fall completely under the influence of the Dutch population.

The British pledge given at Vereeniging was that "Military administration in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony will at the earliest possible date be succeeded by Civil Government, and, as soon as circumstances permit, representative institutions leading up to self-government will be introduced." Mr. Lyttelton's scheme of representative institutions is still in the public mind. It has its warm

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advocates still at home and in the Transvaal. The question of main interest in connection with the scheme is as to the length of time of its projected duration. From "Civil Government" to "representative institutions" is the decisive step. Full self-government must have followed in a few years. In five years? In ten years? Those Transvaalers of our own race, who most bitterly resent the institution of full self-government in the Transvaal are silent on the point. In practice the duration of "representative institutions" must have been determined by the conduct of the Transvaal people under the management of Downing Street. Meanwhile, everything done or omitted to be done by the Transvaalers under "representative institutions" must have been a matter for eager discussion and active interference by a people residing 6000 miles from the Transvaal and never in possession of the materials for profitable discussion.

Well, free self-government is now an accomplished fact in the Transvaal, and a Boer Ministry is in power. The experiment, in its initial stages, has proved a triumphant success. At first the British community was too incensed

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to express itself in language of moderation. "Handing back the country to the Boers" was, and with some people still is, the mildest description of this Imperial experiment. The Liberal Government came in for unmeasured abuse, and to this day Lord Elgin and Mr. Winston Churchill are anathema to a large section of the British community. How could it be otherwise? Our people on the Rand had had a long and unfortunate experience of Boer government. For a few years after the conclusion of the war that was supposed to be waged for the furtherance of their political liberties they had enjoyed the novel sensation of ascendancy. During these years Lord Milner had been teaching the Boer his place. Lord Milner had "stood no damned Boer nonsense." Now, under a more pliant High Commissioner and an unspeakable Liberal Government, the days of Boer supremacy had been restored, and the work of the soldier in the field had been frustrated at the Polls. The bitterness of the feeling thus engendered was enhanced, I think, by the consciousness that the guidance of British destinies in the Transvaal was not in the most suitable hands. The "great houses" loomed

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in the background of the Progressive Party, and, to be perfectly frank, the great houses are not universally popular in the Transvaal. Labour is no fonder of Capital on the Rand than it is anywhere else. There were three-cornered contests at Rand elections, and, more ominous still, many British electors, associated neither with Capital nor with Labour, threw in their lot with Het Volk. The first declaration at the Polls under the new dispensation left large numbers of our people in a state of mind and temper bordering on despair. The cry that the Liberal Government, embarrassed by the Chinese Labour pledge, had gerrymandered the constituencies in the interests of the Boers was raised again with redoubled fury, and it might well have seemed to the superficial observer that what had been gained by conciliating the Boers had been lost by estranging the British.

Now a milder temper prevails. There are irreconcilables on both sides, but the moderate men are leavening the mass. Those British settlers who are permanent settlers are exercising a pacific influence. Their outlook on affairs is naturally different from that of those who may be described, without offence, as birds of

DAY OF CALCUTTA



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF JOHANNESBURG

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As Things are in the Transvaal

passage. The first feeling of apprehension has given place to that of surprised relief. By all admissions, the Botha Government has done extraordinarily well. It has displayed remarkable gifts of statesmanship, it has been moderate and conciliatory, and, more wonderful still, it has done nothing to impair credit or to intimidate capital. Little by little General Botha is becoming a popular figure at non-party gatherings. Then, too, the Opposition has put up a much better fight at Pretoria than any one expected. They are largely outnumbered, but it is found by experience that an active minority is a fairly complete check, even on an able Government. As to the leaders of Opposition, they are winning golden opinions among all men. Sir George Farrar is a politician of great courage and resource; while Sir Percy Fitzpatrick bids fair to rival General Botha himself in popularity. Sir Percy makes no bones about calling a spade a spade; perseveres valiantly in the charge of gerrymandering against the Home Government; makes excellent play of the £5,000,000 "bribe"; bangs the Ministry for its many crimes and misdemeanours, and generally comports himself as a first-class fighting

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man in opposition. He is a redoubtable antagonist, with a cheerful faith in his cause, and is none the less formidable because he excites no unappeasable dislike among his enemies.

In every department the *mot d'ordre* on the British side is conciliation. The powerful gold-mining interests have enlisted themselves on the side of peace. Mr. Lionel Phillips, whose knowledge of South African affairs is unrivalled, and who graduated as a Reform Committee prisoner in the hardest school of Transvaal politics under the former dispensation, has thrown himself wholeheartedly on the same side. Even the Press is falling into line. If occasionally a fierce note is struck in the columns devoted to news and to correspondence, the leading articles rarely fail to breathe a spirit of sweet reasonableness. The brilliant political cartoons of Mr. Frank Holland and of Mr. Arthur Lloyd, conceived as they are in the kindly vein of our own "F.C.G.," have contributed not a little to a happy result. It goes without saying that so much oil poured out on the troubled waters has already produced a remarkable effect. At the present

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moment party politics in the Transvaal are conducted with little more asperity than in our own islands. It would be far from wise, however, to assume that all is for the best in the best of all possible Transvaals. There is a terrible amount of leeway yet to be made up. A war, no matter with how much humanity it has been waged on either side, must needs leave behind it great bitterness in a thousand homes. There are empty places beside well-nigh every hearth in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. If it is urged that the Boers hold human life at a lower rate than people of more sensitive races, yet the loss of a father, husband, brother, or child, is a calamity that wherever human nature is found leaves a not easily eradicable impression on the soul. In the case, too, of the Boer people the national heroes are still extant among them. Botha, De Wet, De la Rey, Cronje, Stein,—these men are still at work in the Boer community. We are indeed fortunate in the respect that some of these men are devoting themselves to making the best use of the newly established British institutions, but it must be a long time before the people whom they led in war look with an equal confidence

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for guidance to men of British origin. There is a danger and a difficulty on the other side. A large number of our people in South Africa made sacrifices not less considerable than the sacrifices made by the Boers. The South African levies bore the brunt of attack or defence on many a stricken field. Who that recalls the glorious exploits of the many corps of South African irregulars will deny that they are entitled to a consideration at least as full as that that has been extended to the Boers? As a matter of fact, there is room for doubt whether the just claims of the British element for compensation have received the same recognition. In my own opinion, if I may venture to advance it, our own people in the new Colonies stand in as great need of sympathy from Home as the Boer population. It was our undoubted right to grant self-government when we pleased, but it is by the British Colonists, if the experiment fails, that the full cost of failure must be paid. Meanwhile, they are the prey to lingering anxieties and apprehensions that might well try the patience of a less splenetic folk. A false move on the part of the Botha Ministry might at any moment fan to consuming flames the

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smouldering fires of discontent in the hearts of many of the people. It says much for the tact, the wisdom, and goodwill of General Botha and his colleagues that no occasion for great offence has yet been given. I doubt if any Ministry of strong party and racial views has ever given less occasion for offence to a minority animated by party and racial feelings of equal strength.

I touch for a moment on the question of Retrenchment. In some British quarters it is roundly charged against the Boer Ministry that the business of retrenchment has been prosecuted beyond all reasonable limits. More gravely, it is stated that British officials in Government service have been displaced in favour of Boer officials. Such charges are easily made, but not so easily proved or disproved. The outsider has none of the means at his disposal for an investigation of any value. Indeed, no tribunal less authoritative than a commission or committee of unprejudiced men would meet the case. There have been retrenchments followed by reappointments in the Transvaal that seem to call for explanation. The fact, however, that the leaders of Opposition make little or no

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use of such charges in their public speeches suggests that they do not regard them as important. Retrenchment is the order of the day all over British South Africa. Dr. Jameson's retrenchments in Cape Colony have been the subject of bitter comment on Mr. Merriman's platforms. In Natal and in Rhodesia the same painful process is going on. Nor is retrenchment confined to the State services. The municipalities are retrenching, and private business firms are following the same example. In the Transvaal an exceptionally numerous official staff was needed during the period of rehabilitation after the War. Retrenchment may have carried with it hardship and inconvenience to a greater number of people in the Transvaal than elsewhere, but, as I say, there appears to be no room for the general charge that the Botha Government has been actuated by favouritism rather than by necessity.*

* See Mr. Churchill's statement in the House of Commons on Thursday, February 7th, of this year. From this it appears that the policy of drastic retrenchment in the Transvaal was inaugurated under Lord Milner's *régime*.—"The number of British and Dutch Civil servants in the Transvaal in the established branches, excluding minor officials in the police, prisons, and education departments," said Mr. Churchill, "was at present

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Since the institution of self-government, the question of Indian immigration has come to a head. Opinions on this question are divided in England. In South Africa generally, and particularly in the Transvaal, there is no division of opinion whatever. Briton and Boer are determined that the immigration of the Indian shall cease. It used to be said that nothing would go so far to harmonize the two white races as a native rising. That dread possibility may be considered, perhaps, as a very remote one. The Indian invasion provides for the moment the one great question in respect of which there is unanimous agreement. Interference from Home will tend but to hasten the union of the two races. There are many British Transvaalers who regard the existence of a Dutch majority with comparative equanimity because of their belief that the Dutch Statesmen are less susceptible to Home interference than British

about 1600, after the reductions. Of these, 1198 were English officials, judging from their names and as far as they had been able to trace their history; 407 were Dutch. That proportion obtained in a country where the two races were, at least, on an equality with respect to population. Since the Transvaal Government had been in office, 221 vacancies had occurred in the ordinary course, and to these 104 Dutch, and 117 English persons had been appointed."

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Colonial Statesmen might prove to be. The habit of meddling with self-governing colonies dies hard with us. It is a habit to which members of all political parties in the United Kingdom are addicted. Yet the truest conception of self-governing is surely that of a colony that is permitted to govern itself. There can be no more inalienable right of a self-governing people than that of restricting the immigration of a population that it does not desire. This right would appear to be almost as elementary as the right to resist forcible invasion.

A word as to the depression from which the Transvaal, in common with the rest of South Africa, is suffering. The flush of prosperity that suffused the sub-continent immediately on the conclusion of peace died away as suddenly as it came. There was no reasonable cause for it. On the contrary, there was every ground for a financial and industrial crisis of the severest kind. Nevertheless, the spirit of speculation revived momentarily. Immense sums of British gold had been spent in South Africa in connection with the warlike operations, and continued for a time to be spent in connection with the settlement. When these supplies

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failed, the bottom fell out of a boom that had no other than a purely artificial foundation. Men cast about for the cause of their distress, and fastened with unerring instinct on the Liberal party. Then we heard so much about the wickedness of upsetting the labour market by the threatened deportation of the Chinese coolie. Of all the causes that have made for depression in South Africa the policy of repatriating the Chinaman is probably the least important. A long and desolating war, the destruction of property throughout its operations, and the dislocation of every sort of industry involved by it, sufficiently account for a depression that years of patient endeavour alone can remove. It is not by any boom on the Stock Exchange or by the flotation of doubtful financial propositions that prosperity will be restored to the Transvaal. Vastly important as are the mining industries in the Colony, it is now recognized that farming must not be neglected. The ruined homesteads have been re-built, flocks and herds are beginning to collect on the treeless plains, and the success of Natal and Orange River Colony mealies in the London market has given rise to

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hopes of profitable agriculture. The many plagues and pestilences to which agriculture and stock-raising in South Africa are liable are receiving anxious and scientific consideration. Excellent results have followed the energetic measures that have been taken to abate the locust nuisance, and rinderpest seems to have been stamped out. Altogether the outlook from the agricultural standpoint is brighter than it has been for some years past, and, considered in relation to the record output of gold, would seem to justify the optimism that is beginning to characterize the public statements of politicians of both parties. The Transvaal still imports an extraordinary proportion of its food supply. Here is a great market, and when the Transvaal farmers are in a position to meet local demands they may look forward with confidence to a degree of prosperity that must react favourably on the whole community.

The signs of the times, then, point to a revival of prosperity in the Transvaal. What statesmanship can do to restore the broken fortunes of a country has been lavishly done. In my belief the grant of self-government, a hazardous experiment in itself, has so far been magnificently

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justified. By no other means was it possible to secure the hearty concurrence of our former adversaries in the work of restoration, and, assuredly, it was worth some risk to gain the confidence of this splendid people. Their professions of loyalty to the changed condition of things we may not have been obliged to accept at more than their face value. The many proofs of loyalty and goodwill they have already given, we must accept in the spirit in which they have been offered. What can hinder the rising prosperity of the Transvaal? Two things only, I believe—a recrudescence, if it were possible, of the old spirit of anger and suspicion, and the interference of politicians at Home. One group at Home regards the Empire as a party asset. A smaller group, not composed exclusively of members of one party, has not yet learned that self-governing colonies are colonies that govern themselves.

DURBAN TO COLENZO

DURBAN TO COLENZO

DURBAN is the pearl of South African cities. It is situated on a narrow strip of semi-tropical territory that becomes more and more tropical as you journey east and north, until you reach the mangrove swamps of Portuguese East Africa, where the white man lives, if he lives at all, merely on sufferance. At Durban this semi-tropical belt is extremely narrow. Northwards of the city the railway climbs in a few hours up on to the first of the great South African plateaux, where in consequence of the elevation the climate is temperate enough for the successful rearing of white children. The sugar and tea plantations of the ocean-belt, and the luxuriant gardens of Durban itself, have given rise to a misconception in regard to the climate of the colony that is widely prevalent. Not more, perhaps, than a dozen miles inland from Durban the sugar-cane, the pineapple, and banana give place to mealies as the

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main crop, and the wild vegetation is of the hardy type common all over the higher levels of the sub-continent. So steep is the ascent from Durban to the interior plateaux that the labouring train covers no more than seventy miles in five hours.

The people of Durban regard with good-natured scorn the claims to admiration of other South African cities. The harbour of which they are so justly proud is as beautiful as any of the arms of the more famous land-locked bay on which Sydney is established, and the villas of the suburbs that lie above the town are bowered in gardens of rare beauty. There is a golf links with greens of veritable English grass—a curiosity in a country where a stretch of velvet lawn is almost as uncommon as the orchid house of the plutocrat is with us. Cricket is, of course, the national game. Everywhere in South Africa where the British element predominates cricket is played on any convenient patch of ground that offers itself, and in the glowing African sun the characteristic sports of the race are prosecuted with unflagging vigour. The streets of the town are gay with the varied costumes of the cosmopolitan

City of Durban



A DURBAN RICKSHA

70. 1941
ABSORBIAO

Durban to Colenso

population. There is the ricksha boy, fresh from the kraals of Zululand, with horns projecting from his temples, a flowing headdress of hair or feathers, and tags, ribbons, and beaded ornaments of every hue. Each morning he decorates his legs with whitewashed stockings of a lacey pattern. The Asiatic life of the city is not less picturesque. The Indian in Durban may constitute an anxious economic and social problem, but there is no denying the pleasing effect of bright colours worn with intuitive good taste by the pretty little Indian women. Indeed, on this semi-tropical seaboard the presence of the Asiatic need never be fiercely resented. Durban participated, of course, in the speculative mania that followed immediately after the War, and Durban feels the competition of Delagoa Bay. Still, Durban is fairly prosperous. There is a considerable export of coal from the northern collieries, and when the colony, by due attention to agriculture and stock-raising, is in a position to supply the food of its own population and to send the surplus overseas, Durban will share in the general advantage.

Above Durban the country billows in rolling downs on every side, and seems destined to a

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flourishing pastoral and agricultural future. After the first rains the landscape assumes something of the vividness of the grazing lands of Western Ireland. The absence of trees enhances a resemblance that is more than fanciful. The fresh green pastures are broken here and there by patches of tillage. But the comparison must not be carried too far. The teams of ten, twelve, and fourteen oxen straining at the plough, and the many groups of thatched Kaffir huts, are essentially South African features of the attractive landscape. Nor have we anything in Ireland or in any other part of the United Kingdom that I am familiar with to compare with the endless folding curves of the Natal scenery. The railway, taking the line of least resistance, winds in and out of the hills, and again and again you are brought back to points that seemed to have been left long since behind. Thus Pietermaritzburg, nestling with its handsome towers picturesquely in a hollow, is seen from several points of view as you approach it, and from as many points of view again when you are well on the road to Ladysmith.

Maritzburg is so like Pretoria, and Pretoria



IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS, PIETERMARITZBURG

TO VINU ABHAYAN

Durban to Colenso

so like Maritzburg, that after a lapse of some time the memory refuses to distinguish the one from the other. Their situations are the same, and both cities are strongly marked by Dutch characteristics. Perhaps the great Church Square at Pretoria, with its handsome Government buildings, is finer than anything in Maritzburg, but, on the whole, Maritzburg leaves a pleasanter impression on the mind. The Parliament House at Maritzburg is a splendid structure, and the debating chamber of the Lower House a model of simple elegance. The curious parliamentary visitor notes that the members of the two Houses in Natal are permitted the use of billiard-tables and pianos—modern innovations that not even Mr. Harcourt's reforming zeal has admitted to the sacred precincts of the Mother of Parliaments.

It is at Willow Grange, I think, that memorials of the War first become painfully frequent. From here to Ladysmith the name of almost every railway station is familiar. Estcourt, Frere, Chieveley, Colenso—when before did places so insignificant in themselves play so important a part in a nation's history? The famous advance to the relief of Ladysmith

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is marked by cairns and obelisks on the hills, by innumerable isolated graves, and by little cemeteries lying by the railway side. A cluster of white crosses set round with whitewashed stones, and trimly fenced with barbed wire to prevent the trespassing of cattle—from Willow Grange to Intombi Camp these are the most ordinary features of the tragic landscape. How carefully they tend the graves of our fallen heroes in South Africa! Not infrequently the same reverent care has been extended to the graves of our adversaries. Little chivalrous actions were common on either side during the great struggle, and deserve specially to be borne in mind in these days of reconciliation. Other memorials of the stubborn resistance offered by the burghers to Buller's advance are everywhere to be seen from the window of the railway carriage. Well-nigh every hill is fringed with rude stone walls or sangars, and they are often as perfect as on the day they were hastily thrown together by the indefatigable burghers. These scattered graves and tiny pathetic cemeteries, and these rough sangars on every hill, speak eloquently of the overwhelming difficulties of the British advance.

Durban to Colenso

Colenso ! The name sounds ominously in English ears. The battle was the darkest event of a terrible week. I can remember the population of London going about their business at that time with a look of dazed oppression on every face. The impossible thing had happened. British armies led by celebrated and popular generals had been defeated on both sides of the theatre of war. Colenso was inexplicable to the patient masses who had never seen the fatal plain sloping gently to the serpentine Tugela, and the natural fortress beyond. To the traveller whose mind is full of the trenchant criticism of the *Times* History, the defeat at Colenso is more easily understood than any other reverse of the war. There is the bare plain—it might be the village football ground—with white stones arranged with mathematical precision to mark the position of Colonel Long's guns. Cattle and goats browse peacefully in and out among the memorial stones. Less than half a mile away on the other side of the river is Fort Wylie. This stronghold is a protuberance not much more than twice as high as Primrose Hill. It is ribbed with sangars from base to summit, and on the day of battle

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each sangar was a furrow of murderous fire. There were Boer guns on the higher koppies behind Fort Wylie, and Boer rifles everywhere. According to the records, the Boer positions looked as harmless as they look now on the day that Long ran his guns close in. "The only way," he used to say, "to smash these beggars is to rush in at 'em." * The abandonment of the artillery was the most painful and the most inexplicable episode of the war. The disaster was redeemed by the splendid gallantry of Captain Schofield, Captain Congreve, and Lieutenant Roberts, Lord Roberts' only son. But their self-sacrifice was almost unavailing. Two of the guns were retrieved by Captain Schofield. The remaining ten were quietly removed by the Boers in the evening, when General Buller had withdrawn to Chieveley.

Standing in the little donga from which General Buller watched this part of the field of battle, it is easy to reconstruct in imagination the swiftly following acts of the tragedy. First, Long rushes in with his guns. "Bang!—it was like the signal for a firework display to begin.

* See Mr. J. B. Atkins' "Relief of Ladysmith."

Durban to Colenso

A shell came down among the guns, and on the signal the air was instantly whipping and singing with bullets all round the gunners. Men and horses fell down just where they stood; the shells were nothing, but the air and ground were furious with bullets. British artillery has never been in a hotter place. . . . For nearly half an hour the guns were served by men and officers who seemed to melt down into the ground under some deadly sirocco, and at the end of the half-hour there was silence there—at least on our part; nearly every officer was wounded, the horses lay around dead in heaps.” *

Then there was the period of amazed suspense, during which General Buller with characteristic valour exposed himself to the heavy fire and was wounded. After that the glorious attempt at rescue by the three young officers. A special obelisk marks the spot where Roberts fell. “Towards 5 p.m.,” as the *Times* History says, “the Boers took the ten ‘great splendid cannons,’ more than all the artillery they had at Colenso, with their limbers and ten ammunition wagons with about 600

* See Mr. J. B. Atkins’ “Relief of Ladysmith.”

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rounds of shell, limbered up, and drove unmolested and at their leisure back to the bridge and across the river. Thus ended the battle of Colenso."

*IN AND ABOUT LADY-
SMITH*

IN AND ABOUT LADYSMITH

IN Ladysmith every man is a hero and every woman a heroine. I would not be suspected of irony. These ordinary townspeople, not distinguishable in any outward respect from the inhabitants of any similar colonial town, have played a heroic part in history. The hotel proprietors, tradesmen, and cab-drivers have been under fire. One and all they have known what it is to dodge vast shells from dread Bulwana and Surprise Hill. They have endured the agonized suspense, the false hopes and the half and quarter rations of a four months' siege, what time from sunrise to sunset, on every day but Sunday, projectiles of power to shake the spirit if not often to inflict physical damage screamed over their devoted heads. The women bore their part nobly. They tell in Ladysmith an amusing story of two elderly ladies, who during the siege were driving a simple pony-cart down the principal street. A

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shell from Bulwana alighting at the cross-roads caused the ladies to rein in. When the explosion was over, the reins were loosened and the ladies jogged on their way in complete unconcern. The gentle sisters of Convent Hill found full scope for their beneficent energies at Intombi camp. Each of them had as much to do as falls commonly to the lot of a hospital staff, and they ate horseflesh uncomplainingly with the others. Sister Norah says that the tongue of the horse excels in flavour that of the ox ; but you may trust Sister Norah always to take the brightest view of things.

Ladysmith is a railway junction and something of a marketing centre. It was surely a wild freak of destiny that for one hundred and twenty days elevated this poor straggling township into the cynosure of all civilized eyes in the world. Not, indeed, that the natural features of the place are unworthy of its tragic history. Paris or Rome might suitably have been shelled from such a looming height as Bulwana, from Lombard's Kop, and from Pepworth's. But here is one main street with a shattered Town Hall, and a few lesser thoroughfares that tail off into scrub and waste.



LADYSMITH FROM CONVENT HILL

TO THE
LIBRARY

In and about Ladysmith

Even in a sub-continent of small towns with important names Ladysmith does not rank high. There are no mines at Ladysmith, and its trade is almost insignificant. The population numbers only six thousand, and of these more than one half are native or Indian. Yet Ladysmith thrills where the greatest modern cities in the world would excite nothing but unfavourable comparisons. So much of historic interest has rarely before been squeezed into so humble an arena.

At the back of the Crown Hotel is found one of the caves or dug-outs in which the inhabitants of Ladysmith secreted themselves during the hours of bombardment. It is a neat cavity with a rude flight of steps to the bottom, and a substantial half roof built high with good red earth. The Royal Hotel is even more historical. It was a favourite target of the gunners on Bulwana. One day Dr. Stark was standing on the pavement outside the hotel when a 96-lb. shell broke its irresistible way through the hotel building and killed him on the spot. A brass plate in the pavement records the tragic incident, and rude apertures in the partition walls of the hotel still mark the

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devious passage of the projectile. A few paces distant at Mr. Hamp's, the chemist's, you are shown a plain bedstead with one iron of the foot-rail bent in a semicircular shape. Mr. Hamp, it seems, lay asleep when another of Bulwana's 96-lb. shells broke through the wall above him, passed over his recumbent form, through the foot-rail, and out into the yard, where it exploded. They tell you, too, in Ladysmith, of the officer's servant who was engaged one morning in shaving himself in the yard at the back of the Court House by the aid of a mirror suspended to the fence. Yet another 96-lb. shell passed between the man and his mirror without so much as injuring a hair of his head. I must not forget the story of Mrs. Barker, the Archdeacon's wife, who was surprised one day, when sitting in the Vicarage garden, by a shrapnel shell that decapitated a fir tree within a few yards of her head and spattered the Vicarage walls with shot. Mr. C. D. Robinson, the celebrated cricketer, who is the present vicar, will, I am sure, show you the tree and the riddled plaster of his Vicarage if you choose to call on him. The church porch was wrecked

Days of
California



TOWN HALL, LADYSMITH

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ANBOSTUAO

In and about Ladysmith

by another shell. With such stories a chapter might be filled. Every modest dwelling has its legend or its collection of relics, and every public building its honourable scars. One side of the belfry of the Town Hall was demolished by a shell, and the proud citizens have refused to repair it. It is odd at night to see the lamps shining in the broken tower, and the dials of the illuminated clock standing unframed in the ruin. When you consider the amount of ironmongery that was hurled into Ladysmith during the one hundred and twenty days, the marvel is that anybody escaped. I forget the actual figures, but the number of casualties from this cause was amazingly small. By all accounts of the Ladysmith people, however, the moral effect of shell fire is tremendous. Enteric was, nevertheless, a far more deadly foe than the skilled gunner of the Boer heights. There are white graves in the Ladysmith cemetery of brave men, women and innocent children who fell victims to this most insidious enemy. George Warrington Steevens lies there, whose brilliant record of the siege ended with his brilliant young life.

Convent Hill is the best standpoint for a

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bird's-eye view of Ladysmith and the surrounding hills. The town is spread below you with its corrugated roofs glistening in the sunshine, and its tree-shaded gardens. Behind you is Surprise Hill, on your right Waggon Hill and Cæsar's Camp. In front, beyond the plain, looms the huge mass of table-topped Bulwana. More to the left, and somewhat nearer Ladysmith, are Lombard's Kop, and the spur known as Gun Hill. Almost behind you again, and still on your left, is Pepworth's. The Klip River describes serpentine curves over the plain. At the angle where the thin line of railway almost touches the river, and well under the shadow of Bulwana, was Intombi Camp, a proof in itself of the humane disposition of the Boers if no other were forthcoming.

Ladysmith is, of course, a centre from which many expeditions of painful interest are made. You are lucky if you have the good fortune to be accompanied on some of these excursions by Mr. Joseph Miller, the president of the Ladysmith Siege Club, or by Mr. G. W. Lines, the Town Clerk. Mr. Lines has prepared a most useful account of the siege, and is familiar with



WAR MEMORIALS ON WAGGON HILL, LADYSMITH

TO THE
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every feature of the surrounding country. Waggon Hill and Cæsar's Camp are certain objects of pilgrimage. Here took place on memorable January 6th, the mighty struggle that involved perhaps the existence of the British Empire in South Africa. With Mr. Lionel James's graphic narrative to guide him, the tourist is in a position to follow well-nigh every detail of the fight, from the moment when the enemy was heard shuffling in the darkness up the rock-strewn slopes to the last splendid charge of the Devons that sent them flying wildly over the edge of the hill. The superb courage of the Boer farmers was matched on this occasion, as on many others, by the unshaken fortitude of the Imperial Light Horse, a body of South African irregulars that covered itself with glory in every engagement in which it participated.

To visit too many of the famous battle scenes is to invite depression of spirit, and I do not dwell at length on the afternoon expedition through Mr. Hyde's farm, hedged with giant aloes, to Nicholson's Nek. The steep koppie, with its litter of rough boulders, its hastily improvised sangars still in position, and its

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trimly ordered places of interment, lends itself only to vain regrets.

The journey to Spion Kop occupies the whole of a summer's day. Four useful greys took us comfortably over the well-worn track, and we outspanned at Mr. Coventry's small farm just below the northern slope of the hill. At first the ascent is easy enough, and but a few hundred yards above is a group of nameless Boer graves. The elaborate means of identification that are in use in the British army were not always successful, and there are nameless British graves also on some of the battlefields. "Here lies a brave British soldier," is the pathetic inscription on many of the rude iron crosses that pretty uniformly mark the last resting-place of the private soldier. With generous impartiality, the authorities have indicated the graves of unidentified Boer heroes by the erection of iron crosses of the same pattern. The inscription is the only difference. On the graves on the lower slope of Spion Kop the legend reads, "Here lies a brave burgher." As everybody knows who has taken the trouble to consult the records, the conduct of the War was marked by many acts of rare humanity on



ON SPION KOP

TO THE
AMERICAN

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both sides. Nothing more magnanimous was done than when the British military authorities established equal memorials to the unknown heroes of the two races.

The story of Spion Kop is too familiar to bear repetition. Almost every incident of the famous fight is described in the graphic narrative of Mr. Bron Herbert (now Lord Lucas) in the *Times* "History of the War." It is a terrible story, and not yet has the influence of time tended to soften in any degree the poignant memories that cling to the smooth slopes and the boulders of the summit of the ominous hill. Every rock bears the impress of an awful fusillade, and the bullet marks are as fresh as if they had been made yesterday. Nature is slower in South Africa than elsewhere to cover up the traces of men's mistakes. On the face of one stone of not more than two square yards superficial area I counted seven clean bullet marks. This part of the field was exposed to the direct fire at a few hundred yards from Boer riflemen established among the rocks and aloes on the northern edge of the hill. Whole and spent cartridges are still to be found on Spion Kop, with here and there a shrapnel

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bullet or a fragment of shell. It is pleasant to turn one's back on the scene of so much suffering heroism and the fearful long trench that shelters the remains of the many victims of blunder and confusion, and to survey the landscape below where the Tugela winds its silver coils in the full radiance of the South African sun. There are a couple of homesteads, and no other signs of human habitation. It is a quiet scene, and the unassisted imagination would never associate it with one of the most passionate episodes in the recent history of our race. Spion Kop and the hills that ring it round are to-day as peaceful as extinct volcanoes. No sounds are borne on the gentle zephyrs that play about the summit but the rustling of birds engaged in the busy details of nesting-time, and the contented lowing of cattle on the alluvial plain below.

An officer of Buller's relieving force is said to have wondered on entering Ladysmith why the Boers should have wanted the town, and why we should have taken the trouble to deny it to them. Yet for one hundred and twenty days Ladysmith was greater than the cities of gold and diamonds and the seaports that vaunt

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themselves high above the poor inland township. Ladysmith lives in the stirring past, and it may be long before the rising tide of Natal's prosperity elevates it to an industrial eminence equal to its historic reputation. They wait patiently in Ladysmith for the long-promised revival. That it may not be delayed beyond the powers of endurance of the brave and warm-hearted townspeople must be the ardent wish of those who are familiar with their record and have experienced their cordial hospitality.

*NATIVE PROBLEMS IN
SOUTH AFRICA*

NATIVE PROBLEMS IN SOUTH AFRICA

OUR national record as guardians and trustees of the subject races that come under our sway is a high and an honourable one. Indeed, there is nothing so creditable in the history of our Empire as the strong stand we have always made for the rights and liberties of the subject races. Beginning with the suppression of the slave trade, we have developed our policy until in every part of the King's dominions the colour of a man's skin is no bar to his enjoyment of individual liberty. Full political privileges even have been conceded in some dependencies. If a different system of laws is in some places applied to the black man, it is because the white man on the spot is persuaded that conditions of tutelage are rendered necessary by the incomplete development of the black man, and perhaps by his racial incapacity for the fullest individual responsibility. Few people,

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for instance, take exception to the laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to native races, though, theoretically considered, such a restriction is as much an infringement of the liberty of the subject as the denial, let us say, of the franchise.* Generally in South Africa the black man is a child, and there is a great body of South African law that is based on the assumption that he is not yet fit to take care of himself. I do not wish to press the analogy, but the attitude of our own system of law to children and minors is not altogether dissimilar. In South Africa the assumption of intellectual superiority by the white man is rarely challenged. There are enthusiasts, of whom Miss Colenso is perhaps one, who would invest the native races out of hand with all the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship. They speak for an insignificant minority, and have so far entirely failed to carry with them the good sense of negrophiles no less sincere in their aims than themselves. Admittedly, the insistence of the white races on their right to govern the black

* On the other hand, there are respects in which the native is permitted a latitude that is denied to the white man. The native marriage laws of Natal are an example.

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man is subject to many abuses. Laws are passed that are unsuitable and unjust. Administration is often glaringly at fault. The magistrate is not always a Solon, and the policeman is not infrequently a tyrant. But of all the charges than can fairly be alleged against South African administration of native affairs, the most salient are slackness, the failure to realize the gravity of the responsibilities assumed by the governing races, and in some places a want of sympathetic consideration for peoples who are passing through the difficult transition period between barbarism and civilization. Those critics in the Home country who are in the habit of assailing South African governments on the score of their maladministration of native affairs should remember that their own statesmen are not uniformly wise, considerate, and sympathetic. It is conceivable that a previously untravelled visitor to these shores from South Africa might find in our social conditions ground for much destructive criticism, and it is not only in South Africa that statesmen put off the evil day and postpone the solution of difficult problems until a more favourable opportunity. When we address

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ourselves to the discussion of native problems in a spirit of moral superiority, we inflict a real injustice on our white fellow-subjects overseas. They have not changed their skins with their climate. They have prejudices that we do not share, but they have also knowledge and experience. The white colonist who savagely ill-treats the native is about as common as the drunken Englishman who kicks his wife. I do not say that there is not a large number of colonists who regard the native with hatred, fear, and unmerited contempt. This is unfortunately true, but wise government should remove many of the causes of ill-feeling. Allowance must be made for a white population outnumbered, say, in Natal, by ten to one by the native population, and nowhere in South Africa by less than three or four to one. There is always in the white man's mind the dread of a native rising—a dread that is inflamed by the consciousness that the mismanagement of native affairs on the part of government is in itself a fruitful source of unrest and danger.

At last South African statesmen have awakened to the fact that the native and Asiatic problems are those that stand in most urgent

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need of solution. In comparison with these the problems that arise from the existence side by side of the British and Dutch races are seen to be insignificant. The native problems have received a full share of attention, and, if Blue-books—the raw material of legislation—count for anything, a safer and happier era is in view. The monumental “Report of the South African Native Affairs Commission, 1903–5,” is a mine of first-hand impartial information, and a close study of its contents may be recommended to those Home critics whose indictments are not always based on broad and accurate knowledge. Even more important for the purposes of the present survey is the “Report of the Native Affairs Commission (Natal), 1906–7.” This latter Report was issued as recently as July 25th, 1907, and it ranks with the ablest official documents issued from a government press in the Empire for many a long year. With the exception of one man, the commission was composed entirely of Natal people.* It was appointed immediately after the so-called

* His Honour H. C. Campbell, President of the Native High Court ; Sir T. K. Murray, K.C.M.G. ; Sir J. L. Hulett, M.L.A. ; Mr. C. J. Birkenstock, M.L.A. ; Col. H. E. Rawson, R.E.C.B. ; Mr. M. S. Evans, M.L.A., and the Rev. James Scott.

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rebellion of 1906, and the large sympathy that characterizes every line of the Report, its courageous exposure of negligence and wrongdoing, and its statesmanlike recommendations should go far to dispel the illusion that we at Home are the only safe guides in matters of native policy.

The colony of Natal presents in a convenient compass every phase of the complex native problem. In Zululand the native is found living much under former conditions, except that the old warrior habits are no longer permitted, and that the authority and dignity of the chiefs have been largely curtailed. There are also the natives in the locations or scattered over the farmlands, and there are natives who work in the towns and share in the advantages and disadvantages of urban civilization. The natives who are subject to native law are in the majority. A different classification gives us "exempted" and Christian natives, and half-castes. It is plain that each different condition of life and every varying stage of mental, moral, or religious development carries with it its own serious problems. What is good for the native in Zululand, still to some extent

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under tribal and patriarchal rule, may not be good for the exempted or Christian native who has already advanced some way along the path of European civilization.

In connection with the native who resorts to the towns for work new and greater difficulties arise. The native in the towns constitutes one of the gravest social problems in South Africa to-day. It may well be doubted whether the native is capable of our urban civilization. Certainly it is the close contact between the two races in the towns that is accountable for the largest part of a dangerous racial prejudice. The ricksha or "togt" boy in Durban lives under conditions that do not always make for the strengthening of the moral fibre in the white man himself. Throughout South Africa it is a commonplace that the town-dwelling native is an inferior creature to the native in the country. He loses the primitive virtues that he possesses in abundance, and acquires few of the better qualities that the restraints of civilized life engender. How far his failure in the towns is due to racial defects, and how far to an artificial condition of human society, is an interesting but not very useful speculation.

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Civilization as we know it in our towns claims its multitudes of victims even among the white races. Behind the native are centuries of passionate barbarism, and we cannot wonder if he does not adopt the conventions of civilization as readily as he adopts our clothes. In time to come, when economic conditions are sounder in South Africa—when, in fact, it is possible to employ the white man in occupations now monopolized by the native races—it may be found possible to confine the black man to those pastoral and agricultural pursuits for which he is eminently fitted. The suggestion is advanced with diffidence. It is prompted by the reflection that history furnishes no example of a successful urban community of white and black men. The system of compounded native labour again, while it is not easily defensible on moral, political, or economic grounds, imposes an almost intolerable strain on human nature. The example set by the Newcastle Collieries in providing, as the Natal Commissioners say, “decent cottages for married natives” may not be capable of universal adoption in connection with large industrial undertakings, but it is an encouraging sign of the times.

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Coming back to more general considerations, we find that the Natal Commissioners enumerate many causes tending to uneasiness and discontent among the native population. The fact that the Zulu is passing through a period of transition is sufficient to account for many of the social and political difficulties that have hitherto baffled the most thoughtful public men in Natal. "Fifty years ago or more," says Mr. Maurice Evans, M.L.A., one of the ablest and most sympathetic students of this problem, "the natives were living under a political and social system, simple indeed, but suited to them, which provided for their particular temperament and requirement. Under it occupation of some kind was provided for all members of the body politic. All they wanted had to be manufactured by themselves, and there was opportunity for the exercise of a certain amount of manual skill and ingenuity. For the men the military organizations kept them in disciplined subjection, and war expeditions and hunting worked off their superabundant energy, while the social and home life included much of interest, such as ancient customs and folklore which are now forgotten. To develop their

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wits and keep them alert was the ever-present danger of some arbitrary action on the part of their chiefs acting either on their own initiative or working through the witch doctor. Taking it all in all, their life provided for at least their physical and social instincts and was adapted to their needs. Now much is changed—military organization, with its attendant discipline and interest we forbid, and hunting is largely a thing of the past. The skill and labour required in the manufacture of their simple weapons and agricultural and domestic utensils are no longer called for. The 'winkel' [Kaffir store] supplies their needs. Some of their old customs are forbidden by the white man, and others, with their interesting folklore, are being rapidly forgotten. In place of all this they now have a life, secure it is true. No chief can eat them up, but what of interest in their lives? Their physical energies are still present, but the old outlets are no more. A full natural life has been artificially restricted, vigorous action and pleasure no longer go hand-in-hand. Idle in the sense of not doing much continuous work they were in the past, but they were not condemned to inactivity, and their strict social

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code kept them well under control. Idle they still are, but in a different sense, little pleasureable activity is possible for them, and the day that would have been passed in making weapons or hunting is now passed in listless laziness: Unfortunately, too, the control which kept them under discipline is weakening, and irresponsible and dangerous independence is taking its place. An active, full-blooded, virile people kept under these conditions is unnatural and dangerous." Wisely to administer the affairs of a race passing through such a transitional stage would tax the statesmanship of any white community. Sympathetic watchfulness throughout the period ; the patient hearing of complaints and their prompt redress ; the careful adjustment of the impersonal system of government to the needs of a people accustomed to direct and personal rule—these are the heads of a policy that has only during the past few years formed itself in the minds of the statesmen of Natal.

Of the complaints urged by the native population and recognized as reasonable by the Natal Commission, some spring from social, some from legislative, and some from administrative

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causes. Thus bitter offence has been caused among the Zulu population by the interference with their women on the part of white men, and constant complaint is made of lack of consideration and of the delays at public offices and on the railways. It is not easily seen how legislation or administration can right wrongs of this class. There is, again, the question of excessive rents on private lands. The exorbitant rates of interest exacted by white and Indian usurers should, and no doubt will, receive the attention of the Natal legislature. Again, it is within the province of the law-maker to remove the causes of discontent that are connected with the Poll tax, the system of compulsory work on roads, the multiplicity of passes that control the movements of natives from one part of the sub-continent to the other, the inadequate facilities for education, the absence of means of direct communication with the government, and the difficulties that are experienced by the advanced native in securing exemption from the operations of Native Law. These causes of disaffection and unrest are, as I say, recognized and specially enumerated by the Commission. "What,"

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ask the Commissioners, "would be the comment if a section of any hypothetically well-governed community sought redress from their Governors on so many grounds? It would surely be one of surprise at the patience of the one and the imperception of the other." On the administrative side there have been many faults of omission. It is a natural assumption on the part of a British community that the impersonal system of government to which they have become accustomed is suited to the needs of other peoples. There is an Act of Parliament, and implicitly we obey it. Even if we chafe under it, still we continue to obey it until such time as our democratic system affords us the opportunity to repeal it. Administrative interference we resent even when it is intended for our good. The less we see of officialdom the better we are pleased. With such a people as the Zulus the case is wholly different. Their every tradition is associated with a direct control of their political and, in some respects, of their domestic affairs by their kraal heads and chiefs. They appear not to have formed the dimmest conception of a Parliament sitting in what is to the majority of them a remote capital and

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proclaiming laws, the enforcement of which is left in the often unsympathetic hands of the magistrate and the policeman. It is charged by the Commissioners against the administration that laws are sometimes insufficiently explained and promulgated. This was the case with the Poll tax rescript that led directly to the lamentable affair of 1906. What the native wants is a paternal administration accessible at all times to his complaints, invested with large discretionary powers, and working through personal influence rather than through legislative enactments. To a large extent we observe the principle in our own great schools and in our universities, and, after all, the native of South Africa has not yet emerged, if he ever will emerge, from the stage of adolescence.

To meet the difficulty, several schemes have been propounded. Some authorities are in favour of direct native representation in Parliament whether by native or white members. This scheme, however acceptable to the advanced, the Christian, and the half-bred native, would not satisfy wants that can only be supplied by a patriarchal system. Moreover, white opinion in Natal is strongly opposed to

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the direct representation in Parliament of the native. In view of all the circumstances, the Commissioners have drawn up a plan that seems to fulfil every requirement. It is probably in the adoption of some such plan as theirs that the future peace and security of Natal reside.

What are the recommendations? The Governor is still to be regarded as Supreme Chief with clearly defined powers and duties that are not to be subject to the review or interference of any court or persons. "A Native Council or Advisory Board, to which all important matters including proposed legislation are to be referred for report, is to be instituted. The Council or Board is to consist of seven members—four official and three unofficial—to be nominated by the Governor in Council, the former to be selected from officers such as Commissioners and Magistrates, and the latter from persons well acquainted with the natives and their affairs, in whom they are likely to have confidence. . . . Whatever acts, having the effect of law, which were initiated or approved by the Council, would be submitted to Parliament for ratification. . . . The great

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advantage of such a Council would lie in its composition, all being experts in native affairs, and, through its official members, reliable exponents of native views and feelings. It would be a safeguard against hasty, partial, or unjust legislation, and could be relied upon with confidence, by Government and Parliament, to express native opinion with accuracy and assurance. It is not possible here to set out in detail what their duties should be, but, to make their office effective and operative in many ways, they should be entrusted with powers as large and wide as the needs of the people in the capacity of advisers and protectors, and promoters of peace and progress in all directions. Whatever rules it may be necessary to frame for their guidance, care should be taken not to obscure or eliminate the personal factor of helpful humanity."

So the Commissioners, and it is further proposed that the number of magistrates should be increased, and that the native chiefs and kraal-heads (pending the dissolution of the tribal system) should be encouraged to exercise a limited authority under the watchful direction and supervision of the Commissioners and

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Magistrates. The note of the whole plan is the substitution of sympathetic human agencies for the cold and distant operations of the legislative assembly. It may be found difficult to persuade the Natal legislature to relinquish its more direct control over native affairs. Popular assemblies are almost as jealous of their prerogatives as unconstitutional monarchs, but, as the Commissioners point out, there are precedents for the devolution of parliamentary powers. The power to make bye-laws has everywhere been conceded to municipalities and to railway companies.

The best friends of the white community in Natal may well trust that this opportunity for reform may not be allowed to slip by. A mere handful of British and Dutch settlers have built up a state that is not the least among the glorious commonwealths that claim equality under the Crown. Nowhere are the white man's responsibilities greater than they are in Natal. There have been errors of omission and commission, but never have passions of greed and hatred obscured the vision of the men who think and rule. The welfare of a superb native race that is wonderfully amenable

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to good government,* no less than the safety of the isolated farmer who lives anxiously on the outskirts of civilization, demands that instant heed should be given to the golden advice of the men whom Natal appointed to frame a sound working policy. It is the most hopeful feature of a difficult situation that it should have been possible to find a group of Natal's own citizens who have not been afraid to expound a policy that constitutes in itself an indictment of the negligence and the remissness of their own administration.

I have not thought it necessary to dwell on the problems that arise from the presence of an uncrowned king in Zululand in the person of Dinuzulu. As I write, Dinuzulu is on his trial in Pietermaritzburg. This much may be said, however, that so long as native grievances remain unredressed the person of Cetewayo's son is the most natural rallying-point for every sort of disaffection although it has not yet been proved that Dinuzulu was actively engaged in

* "Let their rulers be quick to praise as well as quick to punish; less official and distant, more fatherly and accessible, patient, helpful, sympathetic, and, without venturing too far along the paths of anticipation, *they would cling to us like children.* . . ."—Page 36 of the Report of the Natal Commission.

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fomenting strife during the recent troubles. Whatever the facts of the case, there can scarcely be room in Zululand for a native potentate to whom must of necessity be denied all the prerogatives of rulership.

*ON THE MOOI RIVER IN
NATAL*

ON THE MOOI RIVER IN NATAL

IT is a bright November morning, and we make an early start from Nottingham Road, for we have eighteen miles of a hilly road to travel, and what is reputed to be some of the best trout fishing in Natal at the end of it. The two ladies and the Captain take their places in the four-wheeled dog-cart, which is driven by Mr. Singleton, of the Nottingham Road Hotel. I am content with a seat in the more resilient Cape cart beside the black boy, whose handling of the reins is scarcely less skilful than Mr. Singleton's. The stationmaster on a steady nag, and two "boys" similarly mounted, complete a tolerably imposing cavalcade, and the dust of the loosely constructed road smokes in volumes under us as we move briskly down the steep inclines or wind round the ample curves of a typical tract of Natal. The hills undulate fold on fold before, behind, and on each side of us, and, with their verdant contours suggest at one

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moment the Wiltshire downs, at another the gentler slopes of our mountainous districts. Goodly herds of cattle are seen on every hand, with here and there a group of Kaffir huts, and, more rarely, a farmhouse with its corrugated buildings. For sixteen miles or so the road is well enough in spite of its dust—because of its dust, perhaps, for a harder surface would be ill adapted to the unshod feet of the Basuto ponies. Of the last two miles I can only say that to travel them in a Cape cart is a day's exercise for any man. Rock-littered brooklets cross the road in many places, and variety is afforded by deep, narrow dongas that, taken incautiously, would wreck any vehicle not constructed with a special view to such contingencies. In South Africa they drive these lightly built vehicles through and over everything, and the pony of the Basuto type shows up fresh and willing after a journey that must break the spirit of a heavier animal.

For some time the river is in view. The long deep stretches and broken rapids, to say nothing of the clouds in the sky and the fresh breeze that ruffles the pools, promise sport equal to the best local reputation of the stream.

On the Mooi River in Natal

Our destination is Mr. McQueen's farmhouse that stands in a eucalyptus grove by the river. This gentleman was the first angler for trout in this part of the river, and is perhaps the most skilful and the most successful to-day. There can be few fishermen who have enjoyed sport equal to that which lies ready to his hand any time during the season. Since the opening of the river to the trout-angler some three years ago, Mr. McQueen has enjoyed unique and enviable opportunities. The number of three-pounders and four-pounders that have fallen to his rod is well-nigh beyond counting. Less than four years ago he had never cast a fly or floated a grasshopper warily down stream. To whet our appetites he displays the catch (I do not remember by how many rods) of the previous afternoon and evening—a lordly four and a quarter pounder, a three and a half pounder, and a sequence of a dozen or more ranging down to herring size. The bigger weights I vouch for, having seen the fish on the scales.

After a cup of tea we put our rods together, and, having made up casts of two or three flies of well-accredited patterns, we hasten to the

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river's side. Now, here it is right that open confession should be made. We did not beat any records, or come within decent distance of what would be considered good baskets on any stream. There were other rods, too many rods, on this section of the river, and the water was low and clear. There may be pleaded in further extenuation a complete ignorance of South African waters, and perhaps a certain lack of skill. It goes a little against the grain to thrash a first-class trout water with three big flies—a butcher, an orange and grouse, and a March brown—and to present them attractively is a task demanding experience and faith. However this may be, the result is that after an hour or so the stationmaster and I are the only anglers of our party still undismayed. The Captain repairs with his gun to the hill-tops, and returns with a brace of guineafowl; the ladies apply themselves to botanical research.

Not but that my first attempt to “fish the rise” met with complete success. Faint rings dimpled the water on the other side of a splendid pool, and, after some circumambulation, I reached a spot a little above them. The trout was apparently “smutting,” as we should

On the Mooi River in Natal

say, for no fly, visible at least at any distance, showed on the water. After a few preliminary casts, the butcher, the orange and grouse, and the March brown sped to their destination, and alighted, as gently as their size and substance admitted, a little above the fast-fading ring. There was an immediate tightening of the line, and a struggle ensued that would have done credit to a weightier fish. My first thoughts were of a stout two-pounder, but my captive was too light on the rod, a featherweight split cane, for that. In the end, and after as game a struggle as was ever put up by a trout of his size, a beautiful pound Loch Leven, fat as butter, came to the net. I have seen no handsomer trout than those of the Mooi River, nor any that afforded finer sport. If only the fates had been propitious, and the monsters that lurk in the deeper pools had been actively on the move! As it was I had another pound fish shortly after the first. He was rising under a bush where the weaver-birds had hung their pendulous nests. The birds with their bright yellow plumage chattered volubly above him, but he continued unconcernedly to rise at flies which I had not yet been able to identify. By

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this time I had discarded all flies but the March brown, which I managed to drop a couple of feet above his nose. The former exhilarating performance was repeated, and a second pounder found his way into the basket. Thereafter a couple of fish of less than a pound each were added to the store, and some few palpably under size were returned. Frankly, I should have tried a grasshopper had I been able to find one, but in this land of grasshoppers of every size and of every hue I could not discover a single specimen by the Mooi's banks. Every change of flies was essayed that experience might suggest—from three to two and from two to one, from wet to dry, and all the way up the gamut again from one to two and three, and from dry to wet. The leviathians sulked in their depths. There was nothing to reward my eager gaze but an occasional faint rise, more fastidious than one might reasonably expect in a river where casts of rude sea-trout flies are the ordinary lures. How often has the enthusiastic angler met with a similar disappointment! There is a stretch of water that has been rarely or unskilfully fished. Stories are told of the immense catches which have

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been made by guileless fisherman using the clumsiest implements. The *habitué* of the southern chalk stream, furnished with the finest tackle, and flushed with memories of triumphs over trout of experience and education, hastens impatiently to what, as he hopes, will be the scene of fresh conquests. Alas! it is the wrong day, the only wrong day, perhaps, of the season. The oldest inhabitant has never seen the fish in so contrary a mood. Wounded feelings and an empty basket are the result.

On this occasion I soon resign myself to the fates that govern the movements of fish and the luck of anglers. There is enough in the natural conditions to afford interest for many a summer's day. The landscape is not so characteristic as to suggest South Africa and no other country but South Africa; the Mooi is not so very different from well-known salmon and trout rivers of Ireland and Scotland. But the vegetation, and especially the wild flowers, are largely dissimilar. Here many a noble pool is fringed with stateliest arum lilies, or the tritoma groups its fiery torches by the murmuring stream. There is, too, a very beautiful species of lobelia, and a wild mint,

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more aromatic than ours, recalls the water meadows of Test and Lambourne. The ploughed land is full of white and yellow daisies of the Barberton type. It is as yet but early summer. Later on in the year the wild flora will be not less varied than we have found it in more advanced districts of the country. The bird life is not so remarkable. Most characteristic of all is the male sakabula, a jet-black bird with orange-tipped wings, which assumes at this season of the year a tail of preposterous length, and see-saws feebly away at your approach. I must not forget the enterprising little crabs that seize your fly, and hold on tenaciously even when your indignant back cast brings them roughly to your feet, nor the bright-green frogs that plop into the water when disturbed, and from the convenient anchorage of a tuft of weed regard you steadfastly with unwinking, iridescent eyes.

Fearful of the eighteen-mile drive back to Nottingham Road, and the consequent loss of the evening rise and of the early rise the following morning, we accept gladly the hospitality of young Mr. Dickens, a farmer on the opposite side of Mooi. Friendships are quickly made

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in South Africa, and I could find it in my heart to expatiate at some length on the many kindnesses experienced at the hands of colonists, both British and Dutch. Mr. Dickens has never seen us before, and may never see us again, but the resources of his home are placed unhesitatingly at our disposal. Mr. Singleton and the stationmaster, who has a brace of plump fish to his credit, return to Nottingham Road, leaving the four-wheeled cart and a boy at our service.

On the following morning I set out betimes across the ploughed mealie fields for a pool of exceptional promise. It is cold, and a white mist is rolling from field and river. Not a little to my surprise, a trout is rising gently just where a shallow rapid slides over the rock ledges into the spacious pool. It is difficult to approach unseen, and impossible to do so without getting wet. But the fish may be a large one, and, whether or no, a rising trout of any size must not be despised in days of small accomplishments. To be brief, my rising trout responds with alacrity to the invitation of a black hackle used dry and craftily floated down over the ledge on the running water, and he is

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landed without delay. The return to breakfast at Mr. Dickens's is reluctantly made, but mealie porridge with inexhaustible supplies of richest cream and a dish of Mooi River trout compensate for the loss of precious moments sacred otherwise to the favourite sport. Fresh Mooi River trout are not to be beaten on the table. The flesh is as pink as that of the sea-trout, and of as delicate a flavour. As it happens, nothing is lost to-day by devoting an hour or so to inward refreshment. Again there is no decided rise of fish, and my second day of a few industrious hours produces only a brace and a half averaging three-quarters of a pound.

In days to come trout fishing will rank high among the many sporting advantages of South Africa. The trout was introduced less than a dozen years ago, and has already established itself in several rivers of Natal besides the Mooi. Where the course of the river lies at a high altitude the conditions are perfect for the greatest success in acclimatization. There is a point of elevation or of temperature not yet accurately fixed below which the trout does not flourish. The farmers to whom the fishing rights in most places belong are awakening to

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the value of the fishings, and other lures than the fly are less and less in favour.

Our return to Nottingham Road is without incident. We are two-thirds of our way home when the sun, after his fashion in these latitudes, drops like a plummet in the west, and the sky glows for a brief space with all the unimaginable glories of a South African sunset. Then come the stars in orderly procession, visible right down to the verge of the horizon. To the atmosphere in this country belongs both by day and by night a special translucence, and the most splendid prospects are the diurnal rising and setting of the sun, and the illumination of the night by myriads of flaming stars.

THE INDIAN INVASION

THE INDIAN INVASION.

I HAD come to Colenso to view the sites of a series of famous battles, and I found the oldest inhabitant in a state of speech bordering on profanity. "What do you think?" he asked, interlarding his words with adjectives of regrettable emphasis. "Those infernal Arab traders have shut up their stores for the day in protest because the people in Johannesburg have sent one of their priests to prison. Not that I mind how long they keep their infernal stores shut—the longer the better. It's the impudence of the thing that beats me. I'll tell you what," he continued, "I'd rather see Natal a republic without the Arab than a British colony with him." Thus the oldest inhabitant, so far as my demurer narrative allows me to report him faithfully. True enough the "Arab," or Indian, stores were closed, while the grave proprietors idled on their stoeps. Colenso is all Indian stores if you except the hotel, the railway station, the

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post office, and the scattered dwellings of the exiguous white population. Emerging from the village street with my splenetic companion, I caught sight of the stones that mark the position of Colonel Long's ill-fated guns. There was Hlangwane, and there, on the other side of the Tugela, Fort Wylie, ringed all round still with the sangars thrown up by Botha's containing force. Then the same doubt crept into my mind that had oppressed me at Graspan, Modder River, and dreadful Magersfontein ; at Ladysmith, and on the awful summits of Nicholson's Nek and Spion Kop. Was it so certain that either of the white races that engaged in desperate civil war for the possession of this beautiful country, or both in fusion, were destined to inherit the land ?

It is the political function of Natal to afford object-lessons and warnings to the other South African communities. As her native problems are the most complex and the most formidable, so within her borders the Indian problem has assumed an importance beyond comparison greater than in the other colonies. There are 95,000 Europeans in Natal and 112,000

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Indians or Asiatics. (For the purpose of this particular survey the native population of 938,000 souls may be left out of consideration). Thus the Indian population already exceeds substantially the European population. This is a fact of much significance for Natal, for South Africa, and for every one of the self-governing colonies.

The sugar-planters began it. There is a strip of coastal territory in Natal that is adapted to the cultivation of the sugar-cane. It is the only part of the colony suited to the growth of tropical produce. Sugar plantations involve the employment of a considerable amount of labour that can never be white labour. The Zulu is not now greatly addicted to hard work, and at the earliest period of Natal's sugar industry could not be persuaded to work at all. He knows nothing of the "dignity of labour." To this day one of the most characteristic sights in the towns of Natal is a string of Zulu wives in native dress, bearing burdens in their hands and babies on their backs, preceded or followed by their lord and master. As often as not he is attired in European costume, and troubles himself with no other impedimenta than a

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couple of sticks as the symbols of marital authority. In their haste the early sugar-planters turned to India—and still the tide of immigration flows. More fortunate than the Chinese coolie, the Indian coolie generally remains in Natal at the conclusion of the indentured period. A large number of the Indians in Natal are of the second and third generations, and know nothing of the country of their origin. How often in history have a distressed people summoned foreign assistance to their aid, only to find themselves in the last resort delivered into the hands of their deliverers! In Natal there are Indians on the plantations, Indians in wholesale trade in the big cities and in retail trade in every township, Indians on the railways, Indians as waiters in the hotels, and Indians in domestic service. They are making their way into offices and counting-houses. Industrious, sober, frugal, they have until now pursued the even tenour of their way unmoved amidst the furious controversies that rend South African society from time to time. The Indian storekeeper it is who most excites the wrath of the European settler. Day by day, week by week, and year

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by year the careful merchant adds to his hidden store of petty gains until he has amassed wealth beyond the dreams of Indian avarice. Even the Polish Jew is worn down in the end by his admirable persistence. The British shopkeeper has no chance at all. He cannot compete with the Indian on any terms whatever. He cannot live as cheaply or pay wages on the same microscopic scale. So it comes about that the Indian tradesman advances from the poorer purlieus of South African towns into the streets of secondary fashion, and finally establishes himself in the best positions. They rejoice in Durban that the centre of West Street has not yet fallen into Asiatic hands, but the Asiatic needs only to bide his time. In Ladysmith, Indian tradesmen are in a large majority, and in most of the smaller townships his only rival is the Jew. There are not a few settlements where the whole of the retail trade is in his hands. I suppose that no shopkeepers in the world excel these Indians in the perfection of their methods. More than once I have spent an hour pleasantly in such establishments. Everything that enterprise, foresight, adaptability can accomplish is accomplished by the

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courteous and serviceable trader. In one district, where the trout of our waters had been acclimatized with remarkable success, I found artificial flies of suitable patterns in the Indian store. From retail trading in the remote country districts to money-lending is an obvious step. The aboriginal falls an easy victim to this subtle folk, while both English and Dutch farmers have been known to enmesh themselves in the net of the Indian usurer. This is not to say that the Indian distinguishes himself pre-eminently in a branch of industry that is actively prosecuted by peoples of fairer complexion.

What then? If the Indian is as good a man at his job, and in some departments a better man, why should he not supplant the European? Is he not also a fellow-subject under the Crown?

The answer to these questions involves considerations of the profoundest imperial and racial moment. (If it is assumed that there is no such thing as racial superiority, and that the white races have no special claim to the temperate zones of the world's surface, the answers to the questions can only be in the affirmative. But the bracing uplands of South

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Africa are specially adapted to settlement by the white races. It is only on the narrow south-eastern littoral by the Indian Ocean that the climate prohibits European colonization. Throughout the greater part of Natal, of Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony the climatic conditions are the best possible for white colonization. Roughly, the test is whether the children of white men can be reared in full health and vigour in any given territory. That the British and Dutch colonists of South Africa are equal in mental and physical stamina to the people of our northern latitudes goes without saying, and that the colonists have a right to reserve the high tablelands of South Africa for the white races—so far as this can be done without infringing the rights of the native populations—I have not in my own mind the shadow of a doubt. I would go further and say that it is the duty of the white man to reserve the temperate zones for a white posterity. There is room in the world for everybody, but the temperate zones are strictly limited in area.

The Dutch in South Africa have cut their way to a solution of the Indian problem in

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their own uncompromising fashion. Asiatic immigration into the Orange River Colony has never been permitted (except in the case of male domestic servants, and then only under special permit, which is not easily obtained), and in the Transvaal strenuous efforts have always been made to prevent it. One of the matters in dispute between Mr. Chamberlain and President Kruger was the alleged ill-treatment of British Indian subjects in the Transvaal. The now famous Asiatic Law Amendment Act—one of the first of the Botha Ministry—is in everybody's mind. This law provides a system of registration and identification to which at first bitter exception was taken by the Indians of the Transvaal and their supporters in this country. The British Indian Association of the Transvaal, in a petition (dated August 24, 1907) to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, represented the provisions of the Act as being "so insulting and injurious to the self-respect of the community that many of its members, rather than accept registration under it, are prepared humbly to suffer the penalty of non-registration, even at the risk of losing all their worldly prospects."

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In particular the finger-print method of identification was represented as being derogatory in the last degree. Imperial Government took alarm, the Home press entered the lists against the Transvaal Ministry, and meetings of protest were held in London and other centres. Our responsibilities in India are enormous, and anything calculated to inflame public opinion in that great dependency is of necessity a matter of vital concern to Imperial Government. There are Command Papers full of the correspondence that passed between the Colonial and India offices, and between the Imperial Government and that of the Transvaal. Then came a letter to the *Times* from Sir Charles Elliott, formerly Lieutenant - Governor of Bengal, pointing out that the method of identification by finger-prints had long been in use in India in connection with many branches of the Government service, and that no offence whatever had been given to the religious or caste prejudices of the Indian races. In his book on the "Classification and Uses of Finger Prints," * Mr. (now Sir) E. R. Henry enumerates nine or ten departments of the public service of India

Quoted in "Command Paper," 3887.

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(other than the criminal department) in which the finger-print system has been practised for many years. It is used in the postal and medical departments, and in those departments connected with opium, emigration, the prevention of plague, the regulation of Mussulman pilgrimages to Mecca, and indeed in every case where false personation is to be feared. "In examination for employment in one branch of Government service this check has been introduced and is working excellently, and it will no doubt be extended." Sir E. R. Henry adds, "No objection can be raised on the ground of religion or caste or rank in society or sex."

It was perfectly natural that the Indians in the Transvaal should endeavour to defeat an Act that, if it did not seriously affect the status of actual Indian residents in the Transvaal, constituted a bar to the further influx of their compatriots. Arguments were used at indignation meetings that had no basis in fact, and fuel was added to the flames by well-meaning but ill-informed sympathizers in the United Kingdom. The object of the Transvaal Government was not to exclude those Indians entitled under the conditions prescribed by the

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law to reside in the colony, but to keep others out, and, since white men are unable to distinguish people of colour in the mass, some system of identification was necessary. It must be conceded that the Colonial Government were at considerable pains to establish a system that should not offend the social and religious prejudices of the races concerned.

A point of importance is that the action of the Botha Ministry is supported in whole-hearted fashion by both white races. We at home have no better moral right to interfere with colonial action in regard to the Asiatic immigration than have the colonists with our own actions in regard to alien immigration into this country. Unless, indeed, we are prepared to admit Asiatic immigration on a large scale into the British Islands, an attitude of Imperial superiority in this matter is merely insufferable.

Always present to the mind of South Africa is the object-lesson afforded by Natal. What is to be the outcome in the Garden Colony? There can be no general repatriation of the Indian inhabitants, and such a course is not advocated even by the politicians of the smoking-room and the bar-parlour. Natal

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stands on a different footing from the other colonies because she invited the Indians to come in, and, at this late stage, takes no steps to check the influx. The Indian in Natal has been an industrial and a domestic convenience, and the price must be paid. In a fruitful country larger than Ireland, and with a population of all races that does not exceed 1,152,000 souls, the present proportion of Indian settlers, large as it is, should not constitute an insuperable bar to the development of the colony in the interests of the white and native races.

Reference is made in another part of this volume to the highly unsatisfactory condition of society when the white and coloured races are brought together in close proximity in the urban settlements. A profound disbelief is there expressed in the possibility of establishing harmonious communities on the basis of populations divided from one another by race and colour. True, the Indian in South Africa makes a better town dweller than the native, but he excites very much the same detestation in the white man's breast. The fact that the Indian is in some departments a competitor, and a successful one, serves to enhance a dislike

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that at bottom is probably instinctive. Generally there is a consciousness that the black man cannot be absorbed into the white race, or rather, in the special case of Natal, that at all hazards the white race must safeguard itself against absorption by the black races. Whatever the origin of the prejudice, it is undeniably universal, and it is fatal to the happiness of the community. Those who are in a position to regard the question from a strictly impartial standpoint, and whose admiration for the Indian and native races is unimpaired by any trace of prejudice, must desire for these fine peoples a happier fate than to dwell in the midst of a white society that suspects, distrusts, and despises them. In his proper environment, whether in the land of his origin, or amidst the palm-groves of other tropical dependencies, the Indian subject of the Crown fits harmoniously into an attractive picture. On the high plateaux of South Africa he is almost as much out of place as he would be in England.

The interests of South Africa, no less than those of our Indian Empire, demand that some comprehensive solution of this dangerous problem should be arrived at without delay.

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Nothing is more certain than that, whatever modifications in practice may be adopted, the central South African Colonies, and in course of time the other colonies too, will organize methods for the restriction of Indian immigration. There is no room for doubt that the policy of restriction will be prosecuted in the teeth of Imperial Parliament, if necessary. The Africander is in no mood to submit to an invasion that threatens consequences as disastrous to the domination of the European races as an actual conquest by war. On the western seaboard of North America the same danger threatens, and a catastrophe has only been averted for the moment by the exercise of diplomatic arts. It is the old question of the East and West, and it is not perhaps a too fanciful suggestion that after many centuries we are in these days to open the chapter of history that closed, for Greece, with the battles of Marathon and Salamis, and, for Rome, with the defeat of Attila on the plains of Châlons.

“In view,” said Mr. Winston Churchill, on his return journey from the eastern provinces of Africa, “of the fact which every one

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must recognize, that the two races, Asiatic and European, did not mix well on the even terms of trade competition and social life, and in view of the strong feeling which was expressed vehemently to him and to others by white settlers who had already arrived in the country (British East Africa), it would be our duty to reserve certain areas where the coolness of the air and the elevation of the land made life particularly suitable for the British and European settlers. We were also bound to consider the rights of the aboriginal natives, who were the first possessors of the country, and who had sometimes been injuriously affected by Indian influences. . . . But when all had been said and disposed of, there was room in those splendid lands for all. There were enormous areas of fertile and beautiful country in which Asiatics live and thrive and multiply, and which in a very short time could be opened, if they were not already opened, to the enterprise of colonists from India. . . . We should by that means relieve the tension in South Africa. . . .” To expound this policy, which has so far found its ablest advocacy in a Midland newspaper,*

* *Birmingham Daily Post.*

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must be the aim of Imperial statesmanship. There is ample scope for the Empire's Asiatic emigrants in the many tropical and sub-tropical dependencies. So the white man will be left free to develop his own political and social institutions unembarrassed by the special problems that arise when the white man and the black are brought into a too close proximity to one another.

The dispute between the Transvaal Government and the Indian residents has been settled on terms that abundantly excuse and justify the action throughout of the Colonial Government. The case for the Indians has been restated, and a compromise has been arranged on these terms : Registration is to be voluntary, identification by finger-prints is not to be insisted on in the case of Indians of education and property, and penalties are to be remitted in the case of those who avail themselves of the new opportunities for registration. It is now claimed that it was the compulsory nature of the Act, and not so much its derogatory provisions, that excited Indian opposition. Provisions "insulting and injurious to the self-respect of the community" are further seen to be insulting

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and injurious only to the educated and the prosperous. The compromise arrived at in regard to the compulsory nature of the Act of Parliament is a novelty of rare interest. It is in the nature of Acts of Parliament to be compulsory. The frank confession that the provisions relating to finger-print impressions are insulting and injurious only in the case of propertied and educated men disposes of the complaints that were based on an appeal to first principles. Meanwhile politicians and newspaper writers in the United Kingdom have been betrayed into a wholly unjustifiable interference with a self-governing colony. An awkward incident, now happily closed, will have served an excellent purpose if it tends to dissuade those whose business it is to guide public opinion at home from intervening in colonial disputes which do not primarily concern them, and in regard to which their information can never be complete.

*A DAY WITH MR.
ERASMUS*

A DAY WITH MR. ERASMUS

MR. ERASMUS arrives betimes on his tireless ambling Basuto. The big man in his rough clothes—for all he is one of the most substantial farmers of the district—and his wideawake hat with the black band, might almost touch the ground with his feet as he rides, yet the Basuto would bear him five times the distance he has come without turning a hair. It is said that the same pony carried Mr. Erasmus, his rifle, and his biltong briskly from one koppie to another during certain exciting episodes of the War, but the subject is not often discussed between acquaintances of the two races now settling down amicably under the British flag.

The plan is that Mr. Erasmus is to leave his pony behind and to drive me in the mule-cart twelve miles to his homestead, where I am to try my luck with the giant barbel in his irrigation dam. He is to drive me back in the

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evening and to return home on his pony. To be perfectly candid, I care little or nothing about the barbel in Mr. Erasmus' dam, and it is with a greater regard to appearances than to any considerations of sport that I carry with me some of the implements of the angler's craft. The object of my desire is conversation with my Boer host and a visit to his home. How people live is, from the political point of view, more important than how they fight, and I am anxious to add yet another experience to my growing store of impressions of one of the most interesting races that has ever been brought within the compass of the British Empire. I am fortunate in the fact that Mr. Erasmus speaks our language fluently, and is by no means reluctant to say what he thinks. So, amiably, side by side, we jog over the immeasurable plain. Road there is none, unless a worn track in the veldt may be so described. Where the traffic has made ruts of greater depth than usual, we run out on to the grass that has begun to spring freshly after the recent rains, and we resume the track as soon as we conveniently may. The sun beats down on us with an intensity that is mitigated by bracing

A Day with Mr. Erasmus

airs, and our horizon is bounded only by the meeting of the flat earth and the cloudless overarching sky. There is no mist on South African horizons. The view is limited by nothing else than by the dip of the earth's surface and by the range of the naked human eye. On occasions, a dust-storm thicker than a London fog rolls up luridly and envelops the landscape. The novelty of the characteristic phenomenon is its only charm. To-day there is nothing to hinder our complete enjoyment of the brilliant sunshine and of an atmosphere of crystalline purity. I am a little disappointed that we are not favoured with a sight of the herds of buck that still linger in these comparatively civilized regions. But there are coveys of partridges that break from our path on whirring wings in the old familiar manner, and there are plover of a different plumage than our own that are not less erratic in their flight. Now and again a mottled koorhahn, one of the most popular of South African game birds, rises with a prodigious clatter and soars slowly aloft uttering discordant cries.

Our talk is mainly of the prospects of reconciliation between the white races. Mr.

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Erasmus is sanguine, but his is not perhaps the universal Boer opinion. Mr. Erasmus is far better educated than the mass of backveldt Boers of the Transvaal, and has seen life in the cities. Moreover, he recognized from the first the hopelessness of the Boer cause, and was entirely opposed to the long protraction of the War by De Wet and De la Rey. His belief is that the grant of self-government has done more than anything else could have done to sweeten the relationships between the two races. The uncertainties and discomforts of Colonial Office rule, if they had been persisted in, must, in his view, have postponed reconciliation indefinitely. The Indian problem, awkward as it might be in some of its aspects, was forcing the two races into the same camp. There was no conflict of opinion between Briton and Boer on this head at least, and any interference from outside would have no other effect than to consolidate Transvaal opinion.

It would be misleading to describe Mr. Erasmus' homestead as standing on an eminence. The ground rises, indeed, at this point, but the difference in level would be



A LUGGAGE CART IN THE TRANSVAAL

A Day with Mr. Erasmus

overlooked in a comprehensive view of the countryside. The buildings are more substantial than is the case with the majority of Boer farms, and they suffered no irreparable damage when fired by the British troops. The dwelling-house leans up against one side of the stone-built barn, and there are waggon sheds and large enclosures or "kraals," as Mr. Erasmus calls them, for sheep and cattle. A little below to the south is the dam or irrigation reservoir, which serves an arable expanse now vivid with a well-grown crop of wheat. My friend's eagerness to show me these proud possessions brooks no delay, and it is some minutes before we repair to the dwelling-house to take coffee with Mrs. Erasmus. Meanwhile, Andreas, one of the black boys, is told off to follow the eight span of oxen ploughing the mealie field behind the house, and to collect as many of the biggest and brightest worms as he can find. Mrs. Erasmus, surrounded by stalwart sons and daughters, greets me shyly at the door of the sitting-room. Since the good lady speaks no English, the cordiality of our sentiments can be expressed only by gesture, except when Mr. Erasmus comes as interpreter

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to the rescue. It is a plain, comfortable apartment, with coloured religious prints on the walls, a deal table, and stout chairs with seats of crossed raw hide in place of cane. The great family Bible on a shelf must not be omitted from my inventory. The room boasts a wooden floor—a somewhat rare luxury. In most Boer farms the floors are of hardened and polished earth, and an odour of the cowshed prevails. Mrs. Erasmus, with her daughters, descends two steps to the adjoining kitchen, and, pending their return with the coffee, I shelter myself from the curious gaze of the sons by bending to play with a sturdy babe, the youngest member of the family, what time Mr. Erasmus dilates on the fertility of his broad acres and the virtues of a special merino strain that he has introduced into his flocks. I gather that compensation after the War was liberal in his case, and that he is high on the road to the prosperity of former years. Nearly one thousand pounds, as he assures me, is the annual income of his farm, and, since his tastes are inexpensive, he may be regarded as an exceedingly prosperous man.

After partaking of a cup of coffee, Mr.

A Day with Mr. Erasmus

Erasmus and I resume our inspection of the farm buildings in company with his sons. Two of these lads, scarce grown to manhood yet, were on commando with their father during the War. I am taken to the top of the steps leading up to the granary, and, with pleasant elation, Mr. Erasmus indicates the boundaries of his landed estate. There on the edge of the southern horizon is a grove of trees only dimly discernible ; on the west I faintly descry a group of Kaffir huts, and on the east, at an equal distance, a small koppie. The northern limit we touched soon after we commenced our morning drive ! These are the boundaries of Mr. Erasmus' farm, and, as a scholar might revel in his folios, or a connoisseur in wines in the resources of his cellar, so Mr. Erasmus exults in the vast acreage of his farm. He has achieved the Boer ideal—the smoke of no man's chimney is visible from where we stand. Earth hunger is the ruling passion with the Boer, and it is well that South Africa is broad enough to satisfy him. Beyond Mr. Erasmus' horizon is another horizon, occupied by such another farmer and his numerous family, and so on almost *ad infinitum*. This is the answer

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to the question so often asked by the stranger in South Africa, Whence came the Boer armies ? Thus, also, is explained the difficulty of estimating the strength of a foe with whom old age and extreme youth are no disqualifications for active service. In this neighbourhood several sharp skirmishes took place during the War. There are the ruins of two blockhouses on this gentle rise, and the case of a British shell props open the swinging gate to one of the kraals. The binoculars which Mr. Erasmus lends me, that I may the better view his boundaries, are from Bond Street, and once belonged to any officer of our army.

All this time Andreas has been collecting bait for the barbel. He now arrives with a goodly store. In deference to my host, who has planned the expedition, I assume an air of keenness. His lads, who have some skill in the laying of night-lines, are plainly anxious to test my prowess. I am the less eager to begin since I have no knowledge of barbel-fishing in either home or colonial waters. My waders, my sea-rod with its huge reel, my tiny American trout-rod, and, above all, my gut casts, are objects of unbounded curiosity, and it is a

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considerable party that repairs to the dam, which is much larger than its natural size by reason of the recent rains. The deep end where the willows grow luxuriantly seems to offer no facilities for the sport, and a move is made for the shallow margin on the right-hand side. Here the water ripples over lawnly turf that yesterday was high and dry. What is that? A prodigious splash within forty feet of the bank, and a green-grey back shows for a moment. On every side there are great "rises" and swirls, and occasionally a resounding kloop as of a big salmon plunging in a deep pool. Immediately all thoughts of risking the trout-rod are dismissed. Such play as is possible must be made with the unyielding sea-rod. There is consolation in the thought that the two-hundred-yard reel-line is sufficient for all emergencies. According to the legend, an English angler wading far out, and wielding strange tackle, once took a thirty-five pound barbel from this dam, and as I advance cautiously into the water I am followed by the best wishes of the company on the bank. My initial efforts are clumsy enough in all conscience. Ten yards of line and gut (a

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well-soaked sea-trout cast) are as much as I can throw for all my athletic efforts, and there is no suggestion of thistledown in the alighting on the water of the big hook and the corpulent worm. As soon, however, as the bait may be presumed to have touched bottom there is a mighty grab, and the line returns minus worm, hook, and half the cast. To wade in-shore and to attach another hook and another worm to the fag end of the gut is, as they say, the work of a moment. Again the primitive lure speeds on its mission, and again there is a violent grab and the return of the line, lacking this time the remaining half of the gut. It is amidst a chorus of excitement that I return to the bank. Fortunately, I have with me just one salmon cast, a masterpiece of beautiful clear round gut. This is put to soak in a small pool, and that the fearlessness of these Transvaal barbel may be tried to the uttermost, the next hook, a large one, is knotted to the sea-line itself. I wade out again, and the clumsiest lure I have ever seen used in fresh water travels out and falls with a splash but a few yards from where I stand. To my astonishment the bait is immediately seized,

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and, after an exhilarating run and many plunges, a barbel of about four pounds comes to land,—as ugly a fish as swims in fresh water. A grey-green back and a white belly, small eyes set in a flat broad head, longish whiskers, and a tail frilled, as it were, above and below—I do not feel equal to a more scientific description. After that the fun is fast and furious, and altogether four and a half brace ranging from three to six pounds are brought to the bank during the morning and afternoon. My example is so infectious that one of the boys speeds to the farm, and returns shortly with a vast cane whipstock that is soon fitted up as a barbel pole. In this case, as it is impossible to attach a reel, the line must be knotted securely to the more slender end of the cane. The strange weapon proves, as a matter of fact, more manageable than my sea-rod, and I borrow it for the nonce. Mr. Erasmus, meanwhile, takes a hand with the sea-rod, and, expanding his huge-shoulders in herculean endeavour, projects the worm a few feet in front of him into water that reaches perhaps a depth of two and a half inches. What would have happened if one of the monsters of the dam had attached

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itself to my reelless line it is idle to speculate. We stirred nothing of more than six pounds' weight, though resounding plunges beyond wading and casting distance, seemed to bear testimony to the truthfulness of the legend of the thirty-five pound fish. It is a triumphant band that makes home for the mid-day meal. These barbel, ugly as they are, are scarcely inferior to the trout in flavour, and in a land of tinned atrocities are a welcome addition to any bill of fare.

Dinner at the farm is preceded and followed by grace. There are excellent mutton, potatoes, rice and pumpkin, with milk or water for liquid refreshment. After that, coffee, the invariable concomitant, as I understand, of every Boer meal. Generally speaking, the Boers are wonderfully abstemious, and Mr. Erasmus has not so much as a drop of fermented liquor in his house. The British trader in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony looks askance at the simplicity of the Boer farmers' style of living. Their wants are very few. Indeed, tea, coffee, sugar, and rice are almost the only food-stuffs that are not produced on the farm, and wardrobes are rarely replenished.

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After dinner the time is pleasantly beguiled by a second visit to the dam, and by an expedition to a neighbouring spruit, on the banks of which an uncommon arum lily of rich cream colour, and with a black stain at the base of the cup, is reputed to grow. The short army-pattern spade we take with us was once the property of the War Office. Our quest after the lily proves unavailing; but a splendid amaryllis is some reward for our pains. Coffee is served again before Mr. Erasmus and I take our places in the mule-cart, and there are many hearty handshakes before we get under way.

Meanwhile, the bullfrogs raise their immodious voices, and the air is full of the horrid vibrant clamour. Such hooks and casts as I am able to spare are left behind, and have doubtless accounted for many a barbel since then. Indeed, if my eyes did not deceive me as we reached a curve a mile or so from the homestead, there was more than one youthful angler plying a twenty-foot whipstock on the shallow side of the dam.

Night overtook us when we were more than halfway to our destination, and before

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nightfall nature furnished us with a sunset of unspeakable splendour. The artist that should venture to depict on canvas the glories of the South African sunset would meet with contemptuous rejection at the hands of a hanging committee of the Royal Academy. This was a plum-coloured sunset, followed by summer lightning that blazed up intermittently over the whole horizon. When we arrived, my great bearded friend could be persuaded to stay no longer than to smoke a pipe of the Megaliesberg tobacco that he carried loose in his pocket, and to refresh himself with another cup of coffee. Then he bestrode his willing Basuto, and, after an enveloping hand-grip that left my fingers tingling for some moments, he disappeared in the night.

As good a friend, I should say, as he was once a redoubtable foe !

*FEDERATION OR UNIFI-
CATION?*

FEDERATION OR UNIFICATION?

IN November, 1906, Lord Selborne, the High Commissioner, was invited by Dr. Jameson's Ministry to review the general situation in South Africa with reference to Federation or Unification of the several colonies and protectorates under British South African administration. Thereupon Lord Selborne reported the invitation of the Cape Ministry to the governments of the other South African dependencies, and desired an expression of their views.

The proposal met with cordial approval in every instance, the provisional governments of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony disclaiming, however, any desire to forestall the opinions of the two colonies when they should be in possession of responsible government. The Administration of Southern Rhodesia in concurring stated that it "was unable at this stage to commit itself to any conclusive opinion upon the main question which would involve

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issues of considerable intricacy." Subsequently to the publication of Lord Selborne's "Review of the Present Mutual Relations of the British South African Colonies," with the appended memorandum (by other hands) on "South African Railway Unification and its effect on Rates," the newly elected responsible government of the Transvaal covered the minute of the former provisional government by a further minute of considerable importance. They pointed out that Lord Selborne's "Review" was written and distributed before they came into office, and that they would not be supposed to associate themselves with all the views expressed therein. In particular they were not prepared to identify themselves with that part of the review that dealt with the policy of the Transvaal towards Portuguese East Africa. "They adhere to their often expressed opinions in favour of the Federation of South Africa, and they cordially agree with most of the opinions expressed in the despatch and memorandum, but their attitude towards Portuguese East Africa will always be that of sincere friendship, and they would welcome a solution of the Federation question which would extend the

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comity of South African co-operation to the Province of Mozambique."

The task enjoined on the High Commissioner by the governments of British South Africa was a formidable one. Indeed, not even the difficulty of fitting a foreign province into any scheme of South African co-operation was the most formidable! This question may well be left, as Lord Selborne has left it, for solution at a later date. Meanwhile, the result of his labours is a document of rare ability. It has given a wonderful impetus to the movement in the direction of Federation, and has furnished ample material for discussion in South Africa and in the Home Country. Federation is a question in regard to which we at home have, fortunately, no right of interference. It is so interesting in itself, however, and so intimately concerns the future prosperity of South Africa, that a brief reference may not be considered out of place in a volume of sketches such as these.

First, it should be noted that the population of British South Africa does not exceed 6,400,000 souls (1,130,000 white, 5,190,000 coloured), and that on that ground, at least,

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the larger affairs of the sub-continent are easily within the capacity of a single government. Again, there can hardly be said to be any natural geographical barriers between the several states, nor are the dominant white races confined exclusively to one state or the other. There have been junctures in South African history when the Federation of existing states might have been arranged without difficulty, to be followed by the inclusion of other states as they came into being. Of the existing obstacles to Federation, some are incidental to the existence side by side of states, whether friendly or not, that enjoy independent governments. Such a difficulty is that of customs. The railways constitute an even more serious barrier. There are in addition questions relating to the labour supply, to the immigration of Indians, to the treatment of natives, to agricultural policy, to legal procedure and practice, and to the defensive forces. These questions under present conditions receive, or are liable to receive, different treatment at the hands of separate governments, though they are, in fact, questions of South African rather than of local concern. Thus, to take an illustration of



A SMART FOUR-IN-HAND (TRANSVAAL)

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Lord Selborne's, the farmers of a colony or protectorate where every effort is made to destroy the locust swarms may be liable to the invasion of locusts from a colony or protectorate where no remedial measures are adopted, and all their expensive labour may be in vain. The case is an actual one.

Clearly, however, the railways constitute the crux of the question. The Colonial statesmen who can solve this problem should make comparatively easy way with the others. The railways in South Africa are State-owned, and the Treasurer for each state relies on the railways to contribute a substantial quota to the revenue. That the raising of state revenues from railway receipts is a mischievous policy is universally recognized in South Africa, but money must be raised somehow, and economic anomalies are better than yawning deficits. It follows that it is to the interest of each state to foster the railway system lying within the borders of its own territory, and it may happen that it is to the advantage of one state to "crab" the railways of another. The Transvaal did so crab the joint Cape Colony-Orange Free State system in the old republican days. It better

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served the purpose of the Transvaal to foster the routes from Durban and Delagoa Bay, and it was found that ties of friendship and of blood weighed little in the scale against obvious business advantages.

“Of all the questions fruitful in divergence of opinion or of interest to the Colonies of South Africa, there is none,” says Lord Selborne, “so pregnant with danger as the railway question. It is not an exaggeration to say that a field more thickly sown with the seed of future quarrel and strife than the railway systems of South Africa does not exist. As long as the Governments of the five British Colonies in South Africa are wholly separated from, and independent of, each other, their railway interests are not only distinct but absolutely incompatible. There is a competitive struggle between the ports of Cape Colony and of Natal to snatch from each other every ton of goods which can be snatched. The Orange River Colony desires as many tons of goods as possible to be passed to the Transvaal through its territory, but it is to the interest of Cape Colony that no such tons of goods should pass into the Transvaal through the

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Orange River Colony. On every ton which, on its way to the Transvaal, passes into the Orange River Colony at Norvals Pont, the Cape Colony loses revenue compared with what she would receive if it passed into the Transvaal by the Kimberley-Fourteen Streams-Klerksdorp line. In the same way it is to the interest of Natal to pass the goods consigned to the Transvaal from Durban into the Transvaal at Volksrust, and not at Vereeniging through the Orange River Colony. Thus the interests of Cape Colony, of Natal, and of the Orange River Colony conflict the one with the other. But when it comes to considering the railway interests of the Transvaal, then it will be found that the interest of the Transvaal is diametrically opposed to the interests of Cape Colony, of Natal, and of the Orange River Colony. The Transvaal loses revenue on every ton of goods which enters the Transvaal by any other route than that from Delagoa Bay. This has been so from the day when that line was opened to Pretoria. It was this fact which made President Kruger close the drifts in 1895. And the position to-day is exactly what the position was then. If the Transvaal were as

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indifferent to the welfare of the three sister Colonies as every State in Europe is to the welfare of every other State, the Transvaal would see that all the trade to the Transvaal came exclusively through Delagoa Bay. And what then would be the position of the railways and the finances of the three sister Colonies and of the ports of Cape Colony and of Natal?

“This divergence, this conflict of railway interests, this cloud of future strife, would vanish like a foul mist before the sun of South African Federation, but no other force can dissipate it. There would no longer be a conflict of interests between the railway systems of Natal, of Cape Colony, and of the Orange River Colony. Nor would it any longer be to the interest of the Transvaal to lean exclusively towards Delagoa Bay. The wealth of the Transvaal would be used, not in enriching a foreign port and a foreign country, but in building up a great white population in the British Ports of British South Africa with interests identical with her own.”

Portuguese East Africa is thus seen to play an important part in the problem of South

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African Federation. And not all has yet been told. In republican days a compact existed between the Portuguese colony and the Netherlands Railway Company of the Transvaal,* whereby "the rates on goods between Delagoa Bay and Johannesburg were less by from 13s. 4d. to 15s. a ton on goods from Durban" (the nearest British port), and proportionately less than the rates from more distant British ports. This was indeed good business from the point of view of Portuguese East Africa.

The necessities of the gold-mining interest of the Witwatersrand threw the Transvaal still more completely into the hands of their Portuguese neighbours. Native labour for the mines was (and is) to the largest extent recruited from Portuguese territory, and it has always been in the power of the Portuguese to bring work on the Rand to a standstill by withholding the permission to recruit. Engagements entered into between the heads of the mining interest and the Portuguese Colonial Government in regard to this matter of recruiting were of a private nature, but

* The Transvaal Republican Government received eighty-five per cent. of the Netherlands Railway Company's profits.

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the overwhelming importance of the mining industry invested them with an almost national significance in the Transvaal. Thus, as Lord Selborne says, "the Province of Mozambique came to hold the Transvaal with both hands." The nationalization of the Transvaal railways followed immediately on annexation to the British Crown, and, of course, engagements entered into by the Netherlands Railway Company were, *ipso facto*, abrogated. Of the many immensely difficult questions that then claimed Lord Milner's attention, not the least difficult were those connected with these very compacts between the late Netherlands Railway Company and the Portuguese Government, and between the mining interests and the same Government. Lord Milner was clearly not in a position to treat these engagements as private contracts entitled to no recognition at the hands of the provisional Imperial Government. The obligation of the Netherlands Railway had been transferred to the State, and it was for Lord Milner to decide whether or no he should repudiate it. If he repudiated it, then it was open to the Portuguese Government to shut off the supply

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of labour for the Rand mines. In his perplexity, Lord Milner framed the now famous and much criticized *Modus Vivendi*. Under the terms of this agreement the preferential railway tariffs on the Lourenço Marques-Bassano Garcia and Ressano Garcia-Johannesburg lines were re-established, and, on the Portuguese side, recruiting of native labour for the Transvaal (and Rhodesia) was allowed. The artless Portuguese Government had much the best of the deal. By Article XIII., it is arranged that "as soon as the *Modus Vivendi* is denounced by either of the parties, the engagement of natives in the Province of Mozambique will be, *ipso facto*, suspended," but the preferential railway rates secured to the Portuguese Government must be continued for a year from the date of the denunciation of the treaty! Perhaps a more equitable bargain from the British point of view might have been, and should have been, struck, but, to be perfectly fair, Lord Milner was not in a position to haggle over details. The war was still raging, the mines were clamouring for labour, and on the prosperity of the mines depended the existence of a large white and

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black population. Let the controversialists judge Lord Milner's action in this matter how they will. The fact remains that Portuguese East Africa can never be left out of count when the problem of the Federation or Unification of South Africa is being discussed, and, when due weight is given to the considerations cited above, the desire of the present Transvaal Government to "extend the comity of South African co-operation to the Province of Mozambique" is seen to be not altogether fantastic.

Next in gravity of the problems that confront the federalist is that relating to fiscal policy. The Provisional Customs Union that exists between the several Colonies partakes rather of the nature of an armistice than of a permanent peace. How, first, a Conference representing the British South African Colonies and Lourenço Marques must sit for three weeks in secret session, and how, secondly, the result of the deliberations must then be submitted to five separate legislatures, each of them entitled to repudiate the compromise arrived at by the delegates, and to render all their labours of no effect, is set

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forth in picturesque style by Lord Selborne. There is no pretence that the compromise meets the wishes of all the States, or, indeed, of any one of them, and an almost unbearable strain is put on legislatures that see themselves deprived of that most cherished privilege of all democratic parliaments—the right to control the details of their own fiscal affairs.

Hitherto South African statesmen have assented grudgingly to the recommendations of the Conferences, simply because of their dread of the consequences if each colony embarked on a fiscal policy of its own. That their fears are by no means groundless is shown by the evidence given before the Transvaal Industries and Customs Commission which began to sit in the autumn of 1907. A large number of witnesses before the Commission have been frank inter-Colonial protectionists. They ask for protection against competition from overseas (from the mother country as much as from foreign countries), and for protection against the coastal colonies. Agriculturists, carriage-builders, tailors, tobacco and confectionery manufacturers and a hundred others, all complain of the cheap coloured and Asiatic labour

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of Cape Colony and Natal. A perusal of the evidence revives happy memories of Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial Tariff Commission. Thus Mr. Hunt, of the Transvaal Farmers' Association, wants to see butter at two shillings a pound. He asks for protection against the mealies of Natal and Cape Colony, and is in favour of a prohibitive duty on flowers, fruit, and vegetables from the neighbouring colonies. "He thought the duty on flowers should be one pound a bunch (laughter)."* We may join in the genial merriment that greeted this sally, but the South African federationist is obliged to reckon with his Mr. Hunts. Mr. Hunt added that "the Witwatersrand Dairy Farmers' Association agreed with the views put forward by the Transvaal Farmers' Association."* The Master Tailors' and Foremen Cutters' Association of the Transvaal is no less enthusiastic for protection against the Home producer and against cheap Asiatic and coloured labour. There is a world of humour in the evidence given before the Transvaal Tariff Commission, but its significance should not be lost sight of. South Africa must federate or unify before the

* From the *Rand Daily Mail* of November 23, 1907.

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inter-state protectionist becomes a power in the land.

Native questions constitute a further serious bar to federation. Each colony has evolved an independent native policy. Cape Colony admits the native to the franchise on equal terms. Of 135,000 registered electors in Cape Colony in 1903, more than 20,000 were black, yellow, or coloured. The "South African Native Affairs Commission of 1903-5" computes the number of potential native voters at a quarter of a million. In some of the Eastern constituencies—Victoria East, Fort Beaufort, Somerset East, Queenstown, Aliwal North, and Tembuland—the native voter can determine the issue of any election. Rhodesia has the same system as Cape Colony, but in 1903 there were only fifty-one native voters on the roll. In Natal, where facilities for the exercise of the franchise by the native are supposed to exist, only two full-blooded native voters are registered. In the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, the right to the Franchise has always been sternly withheld from the native. Here is not only room for great confusion, but there is a wide difference of opinion as between

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the South African Commission of 1903-5 and the Natal Commission of 1905-7 as to the best policy to be advocated in this matter of native representation. The Natal Commission advises the creation of a Native Council or advisory Board specially charged with the oversight of native affairs. It is recommended by the South African Commission that the right to vote for ordinary Members of Parliament should be abrogated, and that the native electors should be confined in the exercise of the franchise to voting for a fixed number of members to represent them in the legislatures of the several Colonies.*

Meanwhile, it is perfectly certain that neither the Transvaal nor the Orange River Colony will enter any union that involves a challenge immediate or ultimate to the political supremacy of the white man. As regards the immigration of Indians there is a virtual unanimity of opinion in South Africa. Natal seems too deeply committed to the policy of almost unlimited immigration to draw back now, but even in the Garden Colony there is a growing

* The Commissioners express no opinion as to whether the native representatives should be themselves natives or Europeans.

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conviction that a check must be imposed. Cape Colony has not, as far as I am aware, expressed a decided opinion. As to the necessity for a combined system of South African defence, there seem to be no two opinions, and it is not likely that any serious resistance would be offered to an attempt to harmonize the five different systems of law and of legal practice.

The situation is pregnant with difficulties and dangers. Federation, if it involves sacrifices on the part, say, of the Transvaal, would, on the other hand, obviate dangers that might at any time involve the Transvaal and the whole of the sub-continent in ruinous confusion. The compromise that governs the railway and fiscal policies of the several colonies might fail at any juncture to be renewed. This is a by no means improbable contingency. In the absence of a joint policy, however provisional and unsatisfactory, each of the states would be forced to fight for its own hand, and a series of desolating railway and fiscal wars would almost certainly ensue. The remedies are federation and the pooling of the several railway and fiscal interests. A strong central government, acting for all British interests in

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South Africa, is an urgent necessity of the moment. Such a government would take a wide view, and would be found superior from the nature of its composition to merely local prejudices. Whatever is done must be done quickly. The fact that the business community never knows from one year to another what changes may be expected in regard to railway and fiscal policy is most disadvantageous to trade. Capital, always timid, withdraws affrighted from so menacing a situation. Nor is it to be supposed that time and delay improve the situation. On the contrary, the obstacles to Federation become more formidable every day, and what may be within the grasp of statesmanship this year may be impracticable in 1909. A settled railway policy, a settled fiscal policy, a definite and if possible a uniform native policy, the codification of the varied legal systems and the co-ordination of the armed force of the colonies for purposes of defence—to solve these objects will tax the statesmanship of South Africa to the uttermost. To postpone Federation is to court irremediable disaster.

A word as to the alternative scheme of Unification. This plan is confronted, of course,

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by almost all the difficulties involved in any plan of Federation. Its own special difficulties have not, perhaps, been clearly recognized by its advocates. The most notable pronouncement on the policy of Unification is that of Mr. Lionel Phillips, published in the South African newspapers bearing date November 26, 1907. I gather that the peculiar advantages attaching in Mr. Phillips' mind to a scheme of Unification as compared with a scheme of Federation, is that Unification would be cheaper, and would tend more certainly to the substitution of a South African patriotism for the provincial patriotisms animating the people of the several colonies. If one great Parliament were to replace the many provincial parliaments, and to absorb the whole of their functions, a notable saving in expenditure would undoubtedly follow, but I do not understand that Mr. Phillips contemplates the entire supersession of the smaller legislatures. The difficulty of deciding where the Parliament should sit applies to both schemes. Against Unification of the complete kind it is arguable that it makes against the stream of modern tendency: Decentralization in regard to purely local issues

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may be as essential to the well-being of the South African States as Federation undoubtedly is in regard to sub-continental affairs. We experience in Imperial Parliament the disadvantages of a complete Unification. Is it not a bitter complaint of Ireland and Scotland that too little time is given in Imperial Parliament to Irish and Scotch legislation, and that Irish and Scotch opinion is commonly overborne by troops of unintelligent Saxon members surging out of the smoking-room at the summons of the division bell? Shrill little Wales has been known to make the same complaint. When the hon. member for — or — is developing his hour-long narrative of unheeded Celtic woes in a thin House, the fact that there is an underlying cause of real grievance is only faintly appreciated by the weary English member. In a unified South African Parliament, the claims of Natal and Rhodesia would certainly be subordinated to those of the more populous Cape Colony and Transvaal. And the efficiency of such a Parliament is dangerously impaired by the multitude of trivial demands on its time and attention. Then the *amour propre* of the provincial capital

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cities must be considered. The already historic Parliament houses of Pretoria and Bloemfontein and the elegant debating chambers of Maritzburg stand for something more than sentiment in the minds of the people of the three colonies. They bring prestige and money to the capital cities, and the amenities of a metropolitan social life are not to be undervalued.

Mr. Phillips appeals for a referendum on the question of Unification. His appeal has not yet been answered, but all public men in South Africa are working for unity on the basis he advocates, or on that of Federation. Dramatic justice will be appropriately vindicated if Federation or Unification is accomplished under the high Commissionership of Lord Selborne, whose Review of the present Natural Relations of the British South African Colonies bids fair to rank on terms of equal merit with the famous despatch of Canada's great Lord Durham.

THE EAST COAST ROUTE
HOME

THE EAST COAST ROUTE HOME

WHEN it is hot in Pretoria, it is very hot indeed, because Pretoria is situated in a hollow, and the fresh breezes are screened off by the encircling hills. At such times it is good to escape from Pretoria, and a sea voyage, even though it lies through the tropics, is anticipated with pleasurable emotions. Not that Pretoria is devoid of charm. Church Square with its Parliament House, and other dignified buildings, is worth going a good way to see. It will be still better worth seeing when, by planting trees in the midst of the brick-red expanse, a contrast is furnished between the colour of the ground and that of the surrounding edifices. And there is President Kruger's house, a little distance down Church Street, before you come to the cemetery. It is a modest residence on the side of the road. On the shaded stoep the old President was wont in patriarchal style to drink coffee and smoke a pipe with his

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burghers from the back-veldt. The marble lions presented by Barney Barnato are on either side of the entrance to the stoep.

From Pretoria to Delagoa Bay is a railway journey of exceptional interest. The first half of the journey is through the typical scenery of the high veldt. Between Waterval Boven and Waterval Onder the gradient is steep enough to necessitate the use of a rack-rail, and of an engine both before and behind. For a great number of miles through the gorge of the Crocodile River the scenery is magnificent. At many points you are reminded of the Matoppos Hills. Mighty granite masses are piled on top of one another in fantastic confusion. More and more, as the descent is made from the tablelands to the malarial plains of Portuguese East Africa, the vegetation assumes characteristics that range all the way to sub-tropical and tropical. At Komati Poort is the boundary-line between British and Portuguese Colonial territory. Little olive-complexioned men take charge of the train, and the uniforms, the buildings, the methods and the manners are those of Latin Europe.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA

The East Coast Route Home

Lourenço Marques is a neat South European town with a tropical environment. There is a smart service of trams, and a pretty central square with continental *cafés*. British influence is strong in the town, of course, and if it were stronger, more salubrious conditions might confidently be expected to prevail. There seems to be no valid reason why Lourenço Marques should not be as healthy as Beira, a Portuguese port that has been virtually given over to British management. Lourenço Marques, in spite of its avenues of blue and orange-scarlet acacias, and its picturesque continental life, takes heavy toll of the health and stamina of the Europeans whose lot is cast there. This, the natural port of the Transvaal, is destined to a future of almost unlimited expansion. No political rearrangements—not even perhaps the pooling of the interests of the railway lines that lie altogether within British territory—can deprive Lourenço Marques of an outstanding geographical advantage. Men sigh when they look back to the time when the Portuguese would have sold Delagoa Bay for a few thousand pounds. As it is, our historic ally has but to sit placidly by while the more energetic

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Northern European improves his property. But we need not grudge him his unearned increment. Far better for British South Africa that its territories on this side should be masked by those of the pliant Portuguese than by those of an active and envious power.

The German East African line controls the East Coast route as far as Aden. It is a subsidized line, and, to judge by its busy loading and unloading at the various ports, must be doing a roaring trade. Every effort is made to attract passengers. I do not wish to see a steadier or a more comfortable boat of the intermediate class than the *Kronprinz*. We found her lying at the wharf with all her winches in full ply.

Our first port of call is Beira. Beira is a lesser Lourenço Marques and, as we have seen, a healthier. A handful of honest British people have established here, on a bare spit of land, a wholesome township. Portuguese government lies easily on Beira, in spite of the presence of a Portuguese governor; and the fact that British imports, compared with Portuguese imports, are as 80 per cent. to 12 per cent., testifies in startling fashion to the superiority

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of British interests in this foreign harbour. As in the case of Lourenço Marques, there is room for congratulation in the respect that the Portuguese lend themselves very readily to British direction. Beira is so far British that our currency is in general use. The post-office officials have been known to refuse Portuguese money ! A novel feature of this attractive little place is the system of miniature tramways. The sand is a foot deep in the streets of Beira, and the only means of comfortable locomotion are the tiny trollies that are propelled by native boys.

Of the earliest history of East African trade little is known. At the end of the Middle Ages the adventurous navigators of Portugal came on the scene, and authentic records concern themselves with the endless conflicts between our forerunners in so many colonial enterprises and their Arab rivals from Muscat and the Red Sea. The town of Mozambique—our second stopping-place—is Moorish, Portuguese, mediæval, and altogether picturesque. The flat-topped houses are washed in agreeable shades of pink, yellow, blue, and brown. The neat cathedral and the fort, dating

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back just four centuries, are the outstanding features of the place. A few of the older houses are exceedingly handsome in architecture and decoration. At Mozambique, as at Zanzibar, you will find people of every colour and every cast of African and Asiatic features. The retail trade is transacted by the industrious Indian, who threads his way in philosophic calm and with an eye ever to the main chance through the narrow streets and noisy markets of the town. Anon you find him sitting scholarwise at his desk and drafting his hieroglyphical accounts with artistic care.

All memories of Mozambique are eclipsed, however, by the superior attractions of Zanzibar. Are we as a people wiser than we seem, or is it only by a series of fortunate chances that we have stumbled on the fairest and most valuable possessions in the world? The crimson flag of the Sultan of Zanzibar waves over the flimsy palace, but the sceptre is wielded by other hands. If any nominal ruler of this most productive island and of the sister island of Pemba should venture to dream of unrestricted sovereignty, there, above the waters of the harbour, still project the masts of the

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sultanic corvette *Glasgow* that was sunk during the bombardment of 1896. This relic is carefully preserved *in situ*, and the red lamps that are shown from the outstanding mastheads at night-time serve another purpose than to warn incoming and outgoing steamers that it is dangerous to navigate in their vicinity. Not that the kindest disposition need expend its sympathy on the departed glories of the Sultanate of Zanzibar. The predecessors of His Highness Ali Syed (educated at Harrow and Oxford) were a bad lot. The former government of Zanzibar was one of the wickedest things the world has ever seen. Slave-running was the staple industry and bloodshed the favourite pastime. Now Zanzibar rejoices in a very large *entrepot* trade, and the two islands produce three-quarters of the clove supply of the world. Copra and ground-nuts are among the articles of export, and figure largely in the manufacture of genuine olive oil at Marseilles. Our good-natured German fellow-travellers wax indignant when they talk of Lord Salisbury's exchange of Heligoland for the undisputed British protectorate over Zanzibar and Pemba and for

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certain rights in the region of Uganda. Not without a certain melancholy humour they complain that, small as it is, the island of Heligoland's few acres suffer annual diminution by reason of the tireless erosion of the North Sea. Most enviable of all protectorates, Zanzibar shows a handsome surplus every year !

From the deck of the incoming steamer the town of Zanzibar seems to spring lightly on the edge where sea and land meet. Scarcely Venice herself presents a more entrancing prospect. If, on more intimate acquaintance, the town loses some part of its charm, it is not because of any lack of picturesque detail. The narrow streets overhung with wide eaves, the human medley made up of every African and Asiatic type, the feathered palm and the incomparable orange-scarlet of the flamboyant acacia closing every vista—one must travel far to find any rival to the street scenes of Zanzibar. The native women wrap themselves in bright cotton stuffs that come, it is said, from Manchester *via* Hamburg, and here and there a closely shrouded Mohammedan woman affords a sombre contrast. Far into the night there is no abatement of the conscientious industry

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of the Indian workers in gold. Round a hearth with a charcoal fire squat three or four grave personages melting English sovereigns in a tiny crucible. With distended cheeks they blow up the fire through long tubes, and finally the crucible is withdrawn and the contents are poured circumspectly into a liliputian trough. A bar of gold that represents, it may be, weeks of restless chaffering emerges from the basin of water into which it is dipped in order more rapidly to cool it. Next door is a cook-shop, where a patriarch of Biblical aspect turns pieces of flesh, threaded on skewers, over a bright fire and sells them to eager purchasers, who bear them swiftly away. A more humble business is that of the sugar-cane merchant, who scrapes white the delectable reed and dispenses it to children in small sections for incredibly small sums. There is, too, a brisk trade in ready-made and ordered garments for travellers whose wardrobes need replenishing after or in anticipation of a long voyage in tropical seas. For an evening suit in cotton drill £1 is a good price. Something really *recherché* and durable in Tussock silk costs ten shillings more. Elephants in ebony

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and ivory, jewellery and silver wares and silks from India are in great demand among travellers, and, by those who have a turn for commerce, many an hour may be beguiled in beating prices down from pounds to shillings. Everywhere in the streets the architecture betrays an Arab influence. The beautifully carved doors, the graceful ironwork and the fretted balconies point to a richer taste than we or other European peoples are accustomed to lavish on the exterior decorations of our domestic buildings.

Outside the town is that surest sign of British predominance, a golf links, with turf more vivid than anything to be seen in South Africa. Football and cricket are in full swing on adjoining grounds. Our love of outdoor sports differentiates us from all other races except from those to which we have imparted our own enthusiasm. Throughout the Empire there is no more pleasing sight than is afforded by the young lions of our breed maintaining the national vigour by honest and healthful exercise. The way to the clove plantations lies beyond the golf links. Every turn of the road presents a new vista of tropical beauty. The exquisite cocoa-nut palm bears lightly beneath its waving

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plumes its harvest of noble fruit, and the mangoe, most splendid of evergreens, hangs globes of ripening gold against the impenetrable darkness of its aromatic foliage. The clove is an evergreen not unlike our bay, but of a less distinguished appearance. The leaves as well as the flower-buds are strongly impregnated with the characteristic flavour.

Who can regard for the first time unmoved the magnificence of a tropical landscape? Who that has once enjoyed the experience returns without eager expectation to a further view? Beautiful as are these opulent landscapes at high noontide, they are more lovely still when the moon diffuses her silver radiance, and the dancing fireflies light the homeward path through the romantic shades.

Our German fellow-travellers, display a pardonable impatience to reach Daressalaam, the capital of their East African colony. Very early in the morning following our departure from Zanzibar we find ourselves stealing noiselessly along a palm-fringed shore with scattered red-tiled bungalows. Soon we cast anchor opposite the Roman Catholic Church. Everything is in apple-pie order at Daressalaam. The

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Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches are splendid structures, and the Kaiserhof Hotel the best we have seen since we left Johannesburg. Here, as elsewhere along this coast, the streets are lined with the flamboyant acacia that covers its graceful pinnate foliage with flowers more dazzling than flames. Especially noteworthy are the private dwellings, built in a style more substantial and more becoming a tropical climate than is common in the newer European settlements in Africa. Unluckily, the intense heat of the early and middle part of the day forbids anything but a very superficial tour of inspection of the town. It is more agreeable to linger on the airy verandah of the Kaiserhof, and to assuage an almost unappeasable thirst with *weiss Bier*, a harmless local product served generously in vast crystal bowls. English and German newspapers of more than twenty days old conduce to slumber. In the cool of the late afternoon a ricksha drive to the aquarium and through the cocoa-nut groves is a delightful duty.

Of a second visit to Zanzibar and a day at Tanga, another German port, there is little to say. Tanga is a less important Daressalaam,

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but everywhere there are the same signs of lavish expenditure and of orderly government. A special feature is the Bismarck Platz, with a memorial to the famous German statesman and an open-air theatre for musical entertainments. On the evening of our visit a full band of native boys rendered selections from the classic composers with extraordinary skill. From eight o'clock to a late hour the Platz presented all the familiar features of a German *Biergarten* of the best sort. Tanga, by the way, bears a most unenviable reputation for insalubrity.

What the Germans have already accomplished at Daressalaam and Tanga and in other parts of their territory that are already opened up, they may be trusted to accomplish all over this, the favourite colony of their Empire. They have addressed themselves to the business of development with scientific thoroughness. Sisal and copra are extensively cultivated, and a large share of attention is being devoted to rubber and cotton. Mangrove bark for tanning is a considerable export from the whole of this coast. German East Africa will at no distant period pay its way. We sometimes forget when we criticize German methods of developing tropical

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dependencies by means of substantial grants in aid that such methods are by no means unknown in some of our own East and West African dependencies. Our most extravagant venture on these lines is the so-called Uganda railway, that promises to justify itself handsomely in a few years from now. We have no reason to grudge the Germans the success that seems likely to crown their efforts in East Africa. Our African possessions are enormous in area and importance, and it is not altogether to our disadvantage that a rival civilizing power of the first rank should be actively engaged in the development of a neighbouring East African province. For the present, at least, the trade of the German colony, transacted very largely as it is through Zanzibar and over the Uganda railway, is of the greatest benefit to our East African dependencies.

Mombasa, the port of British East Africa and of Uganda, and the terminus of the Uganda railway, belongs to the same period of history as Mozambique and Zanzibar. The town faces outwards to the sea, and the channel on that side is unsuited to vessels of great draught. Kilindini, on the landward side of

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the island, is the future port. The visitor is trundled across the island from Kilindini to Mombasa in a hand-driven trolley after the fashion of those at Beira. If Zanzibar had not been previously visited, Mombasa might have been considered worthy of detailed notice. The houses are of the same Moorish type but inferior ; the motley life of the streets presents no distinguishing feature. There is a castle of the Tudor age in perfect preservation. It has witnessed scenes of bloodshed unparalleled even on this bloodstained coast, and is now used as a prison. But the terminus of the Uganda railway is the centre of interest at Mombasa. The neatly ordered station, with its refreshment room and bookstall, is in close touch with the great lakes that but a few years ago were only dimly conjectured to exist. High above the poisonous littoral lie the fruitful territories of British East Africa that are destined at some future time to support a large and vigorous white population. The railway serves the best sporting country in the world. To this day the lion, the giraffe, and the zebra are seen from the windows of the trains. To be so close to the region of adventure and

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wild exploit, and to be compelled to obey the impatient summons of the steamer's horn, is a hardship indeed, but the traveller in this vast continent who would see and experience everything in the course of one journey is doomed to disappointment and vain regret. The business-like locomotive, with its tender piled high with wood fuel, draws its train of carriages slowly out of Mombasa station. We return to the *Kronprinz* with a week's clear run to Aden before us. . . .

Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples, and Marseilles—there is nothing new to be said about these familiar stations on the voyage to the East. The spiteful Mediterranean tests our sea-going qualities to the uttermost. In half a dozen hours of the Mediterranean we roll and pitch more uncomfortably than during the many thousand miles down the west coast of Africa to Cape Town and up the east coast from Delagoa Bay to Port Said.

We arrive at Dover on the afternoon of the coldest day for twenty years. A black frost invests the whole country, and cheerful fires shine from many cottage windows through the misty twilight. Not all the garish prospects

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of sunwashed climes are more beautiful than the near horizons, the chequered landscapes, and the ancient nestling villages of England. When all is said, the most pleasant part of travel is the return Home.

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